AN ESSAY ON THE DEPRAVITY AND CORRUPTION OF HUMAN NATURE.

[PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.]

BR. MUS.

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AN ESSAY ON THE DEPRAVITY and CORRUPTION OF HUMAN NATURE.

WHEREIN THE OPINION OF

LA BRUIERE, ROCHEFOUCAULT, ESPRIT, SENAULT, HOBBES, MANDEVILLE, HELVETIUS, &c. on that Subject, are ſupported

ON PRINCIPLES ENTIRELY NEW,

AGAINST

Mr. D. HUME, Lord SHAFTESBURY, Mr. STERNE, Mr. BROWN,

And other Apologiſts for Mankind.

Ab homine homini *quotidianum periculum.*

SENEC. Epiſt. 104.

Heav'n's Sov'reign ſaves all beings but himſelf,
That *hideous ſight*, a naked human heart.

YOUNG.

BY THOMAS O'BRIEN MACMAHON.

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M DCC LXXIV.

GR. III.
BR. MUS.

PREFACE.

THE following eſſay was firſt intended by way of explanatory ſupplement to a much larger work on morality and human nature. But the trouble and expence of publication being certain, and the reception it might meet with uncertain, induced the author to print this ſhorter treatiſe firſt, purpoſing to publiſh the other afterwards, if, from the ſucceſs of the preſent diſſertation, he ſhall have reaſon to believe the former may merit any attention. However the other work might ſuffer by being publiſhed without this, the preſent eſſay will be little injured by appearing ſeparately as it forms in itſelf a connected ſyſtem on the ſubject propoſed to be diſcuſſed.

The authors who ſeem, on the whole, to have viewed mankind, as ſunk in nearly the ſame corruption, which the writer of theſe ſheets endeavours to demonſtrate, are ſeldom quoted, as well becauſe ſome who have read his manuſcript work already mentioned complained of its being too much incumbered with citations and digreſſions, as becauſe the authors in queſtion ſcarcely lay down any general principles, confining themſelves commonly to detached reflections, expreſſive of the depravity of human nature. They were therefore of no aſſiſtance whatever to the writer of this eſſay in his plan, which was to eſtabliſh the actual baſeneſs of the heart of man to explore its cauſes, and lay open the melancholy conſequences that are to be apprehended, or which muſt neceſſarily reſult from ſo foul a ſource.

If the late authors who appeared ſenſible of the proſligacy of human nature, we ſo much lament and contend for, have

have contented themſelves for the moſt part with ſuppoſing the matter of fact without taking any pains to prove or account for it, the modern moraliſts, who oppoſe this opinion, argue, if their declamations, however eloquent and ingenious, merit the name of arguments in a ſtill more vague and looſe manner.

The ſubject is, however, of the utmoſt importance, and ought to be diſcuſſed with reflection and impartiality. For beſides that there is ſcarce any inveſtigation in which a man ſhould think himſelf more intereſted than in that of his own nature, faculties, *and* tendencies, *a diſpaſſionate inquiry into theſe matters will moreover, it is thought, lead us to a ſtill deeper ſenſe of* gratitude *for the ineſtimable benefit of* redemption, *and be the moſt effectual means of keeping us in a conſtant ſtate of* humble dependence *on our omnipotent Maker.*

For if it ſhall be proved that man ſince his fall *is ſunk into ſuch an* abyſs of iniquity, *is wrapt up ſo intirely in his* polluted ſelf *as to be utterly incapable of performing a ſingle* perfectly good *action, though he were to live ten thouſand years, and continue every day, during that long period, expatiating till he became hoarſe on the* beauty of virtue, truth of acting, rule of right, fitneſs of things, &c. *it will from thence ſpontaneouſly follow, that diveſting ourſelves of all confidence in any* imaginary *ſtrength or rectitude of our own, we are to rely* ſolely *on him, through whoſe* preventing *grace alone, we can acquire force to accompliſh, or even* will *any thing really good.*

The reader has no right to expect an apology for the ſimplicity, inelegance, and often, perhaps, impropriety of ſtile in which the following thoughts are delivered. It is but of late they have

been

been much acquainted with purity of diction in England. And, although ſince the beginning of the preſent century (not to mention the very few well written compoſitions of the laſt, ſuch as thoſe of Clarendon, Temple, *and* Tillotſon) *moſt Engliſh publications of note have been unexceptionable in point of language, and that, even now, the productions of a* Warburton, Hume, Kaims, Johnſon, Dalrymple, Burke, Robertſon, Phillips, Gerrard, Littleton, Hurd, Leland, Wharton, Goldſmith, *and many more, are juſtly no leſs admired for the terſe, pointed, florid, and eloquent manner in which the writers ordinarily convey their ſentiments than they are often for the ſubtlety and ſolidity of the ſentiments themſelves, ſtill, is not the advantage of a brilliant elocution deemed ſo indiſpenſably neceſſary, but that works remarkably defective in that particular have ſometimes met with a very good reception. For, not to ſpeak of*

Chancellor Bacon, Hobbes, and Harrington's works, together with many other eſteemed publications towards the beginning and middle of laſt century, which, notwithſtanding the multitude of exceptions that lye againſt their ſtile, are in every bodies hands, it is well known how plainly and heavily Mr. Locke, and how faultily and coarſly, not to ſay vulgarly, Mr. Mandeville generally expreſſed themſelves, though ſo near our own time.

Certainly, if defects of this ſort are over-looked in any writings, it is in works of ſcience or philoſophy they are moſt intitled to pardon. On ſuch ſubjects the inquirer, commonly more ſtudious of things than words, ſeeks among the latter for theſe only that may convey his meaning with preciſion; little ſolicitous about their beauty or arrangement, provided they afford no room for equivocation or miſconception. And indeed, even ſtill, moſt ſerious and reaſonable

readers.

readers ſeem to require little more, with reſpect to diction, in works of argumentation *or in ſuch as treat of* abſtruſe matters *but tolerable propriety and clearneſs: and of any conſiderable failure in the laſt moſt eſſential quality, I mean* perſpicuity, *we have not, it is preſumed, given them much cauſe to complain in the preſent performance.*

What was, however, juſt ſaid concerning the inferiority of this work in point of diction to the productions of ſeveral of the author's cotemporaries, did not proceed from a vain expectation *of being able by that or any other confeſſion to deprecate the vengeance of thoſe who ſhall read it. The* novelty *and* unpopularity *of the ſentiments and arguments diſperſed throughout the eſſay are, if the book be not thought altogether too contemptible for criticiſm, ſufficient to expoſe the writer to public reſentment, like the late* Mandeville. *Every Engliſhman, who ſhall attack him will*

imagine he is vindicating the cauſe of his country and of humanity. And had not the author, by the confidence with which he advanced whatever appeared to him founded on truth, *and by the reſpectful notions he every where profeſſes to entertain of whatever relates to* religion, *done more than enough to excite againſt him the wrath "of a "wicked and perverſe generation," another ſingle circumſtance would have, perhaps, produced that effect: and this circumſtance is, the preſent being if not the author's* firſt *work at leaſt his* firſt publication.

Every one, not an utter ſtranger to the malignity of the world, is thoroughly ſenſible how animated all ranks of men generally are againſt whoever dares, for the firſt *time, obtrude himſelf upon their acquaintance, provided always the performance he offers the public be any way tolerable. For ſtrangely* baſe *as the following fact will appear, it is never-*

theleſs

theleſs indubitably true, that—it is when a work is beſt executed, that its author is moſt deteſted. Some few words or ſentences which may be weak, improper, or liable to be preſented in a ridiculous light are then the only noticed, even ſo as to become a by-word, *or ſtanding* jeſt *; and hundreds of pages, containing nothing exceptionable, ſhall with all their perfections, be paſſed over in ſilence. Let a performance be ill written and unconnected* in the manner; *common, ſtolen, and every way deſpicable traſh in* the matter, *and then the perſon who wrote it ſhall be* much leſs *abuſed, ſlandered and hated; ſo true and ingenious is the author of the* Rambler's *obſervation, when he ſays: "It is im-*

* The writer has particularly in view the envious and pitiful *ridicule*, which news-paper critics have taken ſo much pains for ſeveral months paſt to faſten on a SINGLE paſſage of Meſſ. *Johnſon and Stevens*'s late edition of *Shakeſpeare*, conſiſting of TEN LARGE octavo volumes.

"*poſſible*

" *poſſible to mingle in any converſation,*
" *without obſerving the difficulty, with*
" *which a* new name *makes its way*
" *into the world. The firſt appear-*
" *ance of excellence unites* multitudes
" *againſt it, unexpected oppoſition riſes*
" *upon every ſide; the* celebrated *and*
" *the* obſcure *join in the* CONFEDE-
" RACY."

CON-

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AN ESSAY ON THE DEPRAVITY and CORRUPTION OF HUMAN NATURE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

INTRODUCTION—*Man not having the* living *faith, by which the Creator is loved, with a love of* preference, *is neceſſarily* wicked, *and transfers all his affection to* himſelf.

GREAT diſputes have ariſen of late years, between writers on morality, concerning ſome of the *leading principles*, or moſt *important concluſions*, of that ſtudy. Theſe con-

teſts have been carried on with ſo much heat, and ſo little candor, that they are become a ſort of national, or religious quarrel. Nothing can well be advanced by *Rochefaucault*, *la Bruïere*, *Eſprit*, and other French authors, which is not immediately contradicted by Mr. *Hume*, Lord *Shafteſbury*, Mr. *Sterne*, or ſome other Britiſh apologiſt, for the corrupt heart of man. No propoſition is ſo long eſtabliſhed, or has been ſo ſolidly demonſtrated in Italy and France, relative to the vaſt depravity of human nature, unmeliorated by ſanctifying grace, but in England we of late find it ſtigmatized with the names of *ſpleen*, *miſanthropy*, and *falſhood*. To hear theſe apologiſts ſpeak, there is neceſſarily no corruption or baſeneſs *whatever*, in the general conduct of men, even when not ſuppoſed partakers of the purifying grace, merited for us by our Redeemer. From which tenet it will follow, that the Mediator died *gratis*: that we have no abſolute need to ſupplicate him, to deliver us from all *evil* (from *ſin* principally, by far the greateſt) ſince, notwithſtanding our forefather's tranſgreſ-

ſion,

ſion, our nature is ſtill *erect*, and not *of itſelf* incapable of goodneſs: and that, there is little or no occaſion for his omnipotent hand to lead us to virtue, as it is poſſible for us to arrive at it without him.

Theſe ſhocking concluſions, which immediately follow from the worſe than *Pelagian* doctrine we oppoſe, are qualified by thoſe who ſupport them in effect, by maintaining principles that neceſſarily lead to them,—they are, I ſay, honored with the ill-merited appellations of *urbanity*, *good humor*, *enlarged notions*, *ſocial love*, or *regard for the dignity of our nature*.—But the *pretended* love of mankind theſe writers boaſt of, when they ſeduce their brethren by ſuch falſe and pernicious adulation, is, as a certain author on a like occaſion terms it, the love of courtiers, not that of chriſtians *. It is ſelling them the poiſonous copper of *flattery*, for the pure gold of *fraternal reproof*. They have deceived

* Charitas iſta charitas aulicorum eſt non chriſtianorum, &c.

Bellar. conc. de S. Barthol.

people by *beatifying them*—by proclaiming loudly that their irrational desires were not at all in arms against them; by telling them, there is no material difference between the slavery of Egypt, under the tyranny of the passions, and the freedom we enjoy, when, our oppressors being overwhelmed through the goodness of God, we are at liberty to put ourselves wholly under the guidance of his luminous and fortifying grace.—They have *placed cushions under their readers arms*; —and, like the false prophets, enveighed against in the *Lamentations*, *they dreamt* of vain and lying merits and perfections in human nature, and diverted their indigent fellow creatures, from humbly begging at *the foot of the cross*, for virtues, which they neither had, nor ever shall be able to acquire otherwise.

Were that wonderful dialectitian and moralist *Nicole* living, these unchristian attempts would not be made by such puny reasoners, as the late authors we complain of; or, at least, would not have been so often made with impunity.

C

But theſe errors are not confined to books: for as thoſe who have once departed from truth, in any *eſſential point*, are for ever ſinking from a deep precipice to a deeper; ſo in the preſent caſe, public teachers of note were not aſhamed lately, to declare themſelves, even in their *pulpits*, profeſſed vindicators of, and encomiaſts on, the *unjuſtified race of Adam*.

Although, from his infancy, *all* a man's *thoughts are turned to evil*; that *power*, and *ultimately ſelf-applauſe*, are the objects he purſues inceſſantly, and with all his might; although his bowels muſt, on that account, (as we have elſewhere already in part ſhewn *) be full of cruelty towards his ſpecies; and that nothing but a victorious grace from God, can recall him from ſeeking his corrupt *ſelf* in every action; theſe great truths, ſo well ſupported by expreſs teſtimonies from ſcripture, delivered down to us by the wiſe preachers of the chriſtian faith, confirmed by the reaſoning and experience of ſucceeding times, reſpected and admitted heretofore by the heterodox themſelves, are,

* In a work not yet publiſhed.

this century, traduced and oppoſed, with the moſt ſhameleſs effrontery, by ſeveral eloquent and ingenious, though inconſiderate authors in Great Britain, who are daily torturing their imaginations, to find out ſophiſms, that may exalt *man*, and depreſs *God*. For, to what elſe tend ſo many efforts made to prove, that human nature, even conſidered in an *unjuſtified ſtate*, is not full of every ſort of corruption, but to inſinuate, that there is not all that neceſſity for the grace of our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt to rectify it, which the holy fathers and other judicious perſons have conſtantly maintained? The few moraliſts, who, in England, ſtill adhere to the good old principles, on the preſent queſtion, after the example of *Hobbes* and *Mandeville*, and who, however ſincerely they may love their fellow-creatures and themſelves, refuſe nevertheleſs to flatter them at the expence of the glory of their Creator's grace, of the veracity of holy-writ, and every other ſort of evidence—theſe are all of late branded with the odious names of *man-haters*, *enthuſiaſts*, and *enemies to the ſpecies*.

But

But they who malign them thus, are themſelves real *enemies to the croſs of Chriſt*; whoſe virtue they *implicitly* detract from, as often as they deny that *all men are liars*, unleſs rendered true by its efficacy: that without the graces derived from it, *the ways of all fleſh are* neceſſarily *corrupt and abominable:* that when one is not *nailed* to it, he can have no other occupation but *feeding ſwine*, that is, his beaſtly appetites, *in a diſtant country*, or building up the *confuſed tower* of his own *ſelf-conceit*.

Yet ſo little do theſe writers ſeem ſenſible of all this, that nothing is heard among them, on every ſide, but long diſcourſes on the imaginary *gentleneſs*, *moderation*, *benevolence*, *humanity*, and *charity* of MAN—of GOD not a ſentence; though whether they acknowledge, or *indirectly* conteſt it, it is no leſs certain that, without being a conſtant debtor to his munificence, their miſerable, *praiſe-deluded man* cannot poſſeſs an atom of theſe, or any other valuable qualities. We are deafened once a month, or oftener, with the *mock-goodneſs* of *Titus*, *Trajan*, *Antoninus*, *Ariſtides*, and a mul-

titude of other impious perſons, whom God has eternally rejected. So that until theſe writers ſhall prove to us, that they are *better* informed, of what *eſſentially* conſtitutes goodneſs, than the Lord, or that he condemns the good to everlaſting miſery, we muſt continue, after our ancient doctors, to aſſert, that the men in queſtion *were not*, nor, *without faith*, *could not* be good, and that thoſe who of late ſo much extol them, ſuffered themſelves to be deceived by the *appearance* of virtues, which their boaſted good men did not *really* poſſeſs.

But ſhould our adverſaries anſwer, that it is our buſineſs firſt to prove the reprobation of the above perſonages, before we call upon them to ſupport the aſſertions relative to their *goodneſs*: in this they can be readily indulged, as we have only to refer them to the ſcriptures, where, in every page it is declared, Firſt, that without God *one can do nothing*, that is, nothing meritorious of ſalvation.

Secondly, That God is *not* with a man who has not faith; therefore ſuch a man can do nothing meriting ſalvation.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, That doing nothing meritorious of ſalvation, he is not a good and faithful ſervant, but a bad one; a ſlave to the devil; an accurſed, perverſe, wicked, hateful, ignominious veſſel of wrath.

From theſe principles, every where to be met with in ſcripture, in the ſame, or equivalent terms, it will neceſſarily follow, that *Titus*, to ſingle him out particularly, becauſe our adverſaries often inſiſt on the ſham rectitude of his conduct, when they argue, or rather declaim, againſt the religious, and but too-experimentally evident, account we have of man's utter depravity—we muſt, I ſay, infer from the above propoſitions ſo frequently repeated in holy-writ, and which manifeſtly admit of none but he moſt literal interpretation, that *Titus*, for inſtance, not having *faith*, had not *God*—and not having God, could not be *good:* but that, on the contrary, he muſt have been an abominable *ſelf-worſhipper*, transferring the *love of preference*, due by ſo many titles to the Creator, *on himſelf*; doing every thing *finally* for himſelf; and thus became a moſt ſacri-

legious

legious *idolater*, by ſetting up the unworthy idol of *ſelf*, and adoring it inſtead of Almighty God.

CHAPTER the Second.

Not finding the expected happineſs in himſelf, *after he had withdrawn his love from his Maker, he hopes to attain to it by the aſſiſtance of the* Creatures,—*and how.*

MAN having deſcended, by the gradations briefly pointed out in the laſt chapter, to ſuch a deplorable abyſs of corruption, as to ſeek his chief good or happineſs *in himſelf* and *by himſelf*, independantly of *him*, who is *eſſential goodneſs*, immediately feels a frightful, and almoſt entire deprivation of that felicity, he preſumptuouſly expected to attain, by contemplating, like his Maker, *his own perfections*. His perfections, however exaggerated by his complaiſant

plaiſant imagination, are far from affording him that *reſt* or *ſatisfaction in himſelf*, which he vainly hoped they would. Not finding then in himſelf, on whom he had transferred his affection, that *complete happineſs*, which God alone can confer, he goes in queſt of it, among a variety of *exterior objects*, which, when on trial he has found alſo inſufficient for his purpoſe, he at once changes to ſearch for others, never deſpairing to arrive by one method or another, at the thorough felicity for which he was created, and which, as we ſaid, God *alone* could have communicated.

When I aſſerted a man expects exterior objects will aid him, in his ſearch after the happineſs, which, ſo ſoon as he forms a judgment on his condition, he, at the ſame inſtant, perceives himſelf not yet in the poſſeſſion of, or at leaſt not ſo *thoroughly*, as to quiet his unbounded deſires, I would not be underſtood to have meant, he could poſſibly ſink *ſo low*, as to fancy them outward things, *agents* in the *laſt act*, by which, according to him, his felicity is

to

to be for ever completed. No—he ſtill retains too juſt a ſenſe of his *original dignity*, to expect complete enjoyment, in any thing elſe than *himſelf*, or by any thing but *his own operation*. This operation, I ſuppoſe, every one will immediately apprehend to be an act of the *underſtanding*, man's principal part, and from any thing inferior to, or leſs intimate than, which, it is impoſſible, a rational creature can hope for the final completion of his felicity *. But the intire ſatisfaction he, as was ſaid, failed of, on his firſt taking an intellectual

* *Boetius*'s definition (if he intended it as one) of *felicity*, when in his third book he ſays it is "*ſtatus omnium bonorum congregatione perfectus*," is not *contrary* to what metaphyſicians and divines demonſtrate, and which we ſuppoſed in the text, *viz.* that happineſs conſiſts in a *perfect operation of the mind*. For, as ſubtle reaſoners have already well remarked, the conſul only meant to take notice of what was to be found in a ſtate of thorough bliſs, without having any purpoſe to determine preciſely the *eſſence* of ſupreme enjoyment, or by what particular action or paſſion man poſſeſſes it, which is the object of the latter by far *more exact* definition.

when

view of himſelf, he hopes to render thoroughly complete by *means* of the other created beings. Theſe are then to be uſed only as *ſupplementary helps*, or *additions* to that portion of ſatisfaction, he already enjoys: and from the *union of both*, he expects his happineſs will become round and perfect. It is not, after all, *in them*, he places, or from them he expects happineſs, it is *in himſelf*, with their *aſſiſtance*. It is not in a paſſive *dependance* on, but much rather in an *abſolute ſuperiority* over them, he makes his well-being to conſiſt. The operation from which he ſo impatiently waits his full ſatisfaction, he well judges, is not to come from beings that are not parts of his ſubſtance, but from himſelf. And this operation is no other than an act of the underſtanding. This expected act of the mind, may be formed into the following ſyllogiſm. "*To apprehend myſelf perfect,* "*as I now do, I muſt want nothing: but* "*one who, like me, is obeyed by all crea-* "*tures is in no want: therefore I judge* "*myſelf perfect.*" To arrive at the *unattainable* condition, expreſſed by the fore-

foregoing faulty argument, a man, I again repeat it, on the failure of the teſtimony of his own underſtanding in his favour, begs the *co-operation* of other rational and irrational creatures, not in order to be happy *in* or *by*, but only *with* them. Thus, for example, a conqueror, in purſuit of empire, cannot imagine the extenſive dominions, when ſubdued, will render him happy; for this would be making the deſired good an *agent*, and himſelf only a *patient* in the tranſaction: whereas felicity neceſſarily conſiſts in a *perfect act* of the underſtanding. What the ſuppoſed ambitious perſon expects, on acquiring the ſovereignty, or other propoſed temporal advantage is, that on being in peaceable poſſeſſion of this object of his wiſhes, his underſtanding ſhall thereby be enabled to pronounce or *apprehend* him *completely happy*. And it is in this *judgment* or *determination of the mind*, that felicity is *eſſentially* and *finally* to conſiſt.

CHAP-

CHAPTER the THIRD.

Diſappointed in the hopes he had formed of being made happy *by the* creatures, *which at no time he can ever love but* for his own ſake, *he conceives ſentiments of extreme wrath and hatred againſt them.*

IN the firſt chapter we have ſeen man unenlighted by faith, conſequently not animated by *charity*, refuſing to take the Creator for his *chief good*, and turning away from that ſpirit, who, being infinitely perfect, could alone ſatisfy his *infinite* deſires. In the ſame place, we found him ſeeking the accompliſhment of theſe infinite deſires *in* and *by himſelf*, though he be only a *finite* creature. In the ſecond chapter we took notice of his falling *very ſhort* of the expected felicity, after his deſertion from God, and converſion towards *himſelf*. We alſo obſerved the thorough ſenſe he immediately entertained of his failure; his

his then begging the *aſſiſtance* of *other* creatures, hoping, by the ſupplies his wants will receive from them, to find himſelf *eaſy* at laſt, and in full poſſeſſion of that happineſs, which muſt ever be defective and inſufficient, while the *leaſt* of his innumerable deſires remains unſatisfied. We are now to conſider his *negotiations* with theſe creatures, how he is affected towards *them*, and with what ſentiments they look on *him*.

Mortified and dejected, on not finding in *himſelf* the repoſe he expected, man at firſt becomes an *humble ſuiter* to all the objects of ſenſe, piteouſly crying out to them, like *Eſau*, to *fill* him with whatever portions of good they poſſeſs, that, by the union of ſo many goods, his deſires may at length, by being ſatisfied, become *quieted*, and himſelf conſequently *happy*. He perſuades himſelf, theſe creatures *can* in fact afford the important helps to *thorough felicity*, he applies to them for. He alſo cheriſhes hopes that as they, according to him, have the *power*, ſo they will have the *inclination*, to lend him their aſſiſtance. Without theſe hopes he could not at all

proceed

proceed to action; hope of attaining to a deſired advantage being the *impulſive* cauſe to all *motion*.

Expecting then, at firſt, a hearty compliance with his inclinations, in the inferior beings we ſpoke of, man, it muſt be confeſſed, is, *in the beginning*, moved with *ſome* good-will towards creatures, from whom, he promiſes himſelf ſuch vaſt advantages. But this affection, if at any time it deſerves that name, is of very ſhort duration, as we ſhall ſoon ſee. Even while it may continue, nothing can be leſs diſintereſted.

Man having withdrawn his affection from his Maker, *muſt neceſſarily* transfer it on *himſelf*. His own exiſtence, unity, preſervation, and well-being muſt *now* engroſs his whole ſolicitude. This is not man's caſe alone: *all* exiſtences whatever, not in a ſtate of grace or beatitude, manifeſting their chief, and in a manner, only concern, each after its own way, about their individual being, preſervation, unity of their ſeveral ſubſtances, as well as about the modes of exiſtence moſt ſuitable, or (among ſuch as are endowed with underſtanding)

apprehended moſt agreeable to their nature. Thus, to inſtance in the inſenſible creation, fire tends naturally to maintain itſelf in being; to enlarge and communicate itſelf, in order to be farther removed from *non-exiſtence*; and to aſcend, as being a mode of exiſtence more ſuitable to it, than to deſcend.

Not only, then, all irrational and inanimate creatures, tending principally to advance their own well-being, but *all* rational ones, without a *ſupernatural grace*, making themſelves the centres of every deliberate action—the angular ſtones of every edifice, whatever *pure or diſintereſted regard* a man may profeſs for friends, relations, and others, he can never love them for their ſake, but *for his own*. Conſidered in *themſelves*, and as independant of, or unconnected with him, *indifference*, or rather *averſion* are the only ſenſations they excite; but while he views them as *means* that may contribute to his happineſs, they are then, it is true, *for a while*, pleaſing and dear to him. Thus, a perſon thinking himſelf in want of a laborer, while the ſenſe of that want continues, looks on the

the workman, who comes to offer him his ſervice, with eyes of benevolence. People even not only wiſh the being, but alſo the well-being of creatures, not of their own ſpecies, while they apprehend them advantageous to themſelves. The horſe to be employed for a journey, the coat to be uſed for a covering, the bread one preſſed with hunger, is about to eat, raiſe no inimical emotions, but the contrary in thoſe, whoſe real or imaginary neceſſities they are going to relieve. But this good-will, either towards rational or irrational creatures,* is

* It was purpoſed to inquire into man's conduct towards the *irrational* and *inanimate* part of the creation; his conſtant attempts to rule over them, and ſubject them to his uncontrouled caprice; to point out his ſenſations, on finding himſelf ſucceſsful or diſappointed, in the whole or in part of theſe endeavours, &c. &c. But not knowing how inquiries of this ſort would be received, we poſtponed the publication of our ſentiments on that head, as we have done of another moral work, mentioned in the preface, and have confined ourſelves, in the preſent treatiſe, ſolely to the conſideration of the *tyranny* ſought for, with unremitting ardor, by

is by no means *laſting*, for the following reaſons:

Man, diſappointed of thorough felicity *in himſelf*, is ſtill more ſo, when he ſeeks it *out of himſelf*. Were it poſſible he could arrive at the *fulneſs* of content he is in queſt of, it would be more natural to expect it from himſelf *ſolely*, than from the often uncertain, always trivial contributions, extorted from the creatures about him, whom, notwithſtanding, he is every day courting, for ſome *ſcraps* of the little good they poſſeſs, though none of the beings our man is thus perpetually ſueing to, be any of them *ſuperior* to himſelf in ſubſtance, neither are any of them ſo intimately connected with his own individual nature, and therefore not ſuch lively repreſentations to him of that *unity*, from which content is derived, and augments in proportion as people approach towards the aforeſaid *happineſs-confer-*

every man, in oppoſition to the reſt of his ſpecies, together with ſome of the moſt important conſequences reſulting from theſe unjuſt purſuits: theſe being matters, in which we all appear to be *more immediately* intereſted.

ring

ring unity. But to avoid *metaphyſics* as much as poſſible, and come to the proof of my propoſition, relative to the *ſhortneſs of time*, that man's regard for any other creature, can poſſibly ſubſiſt, on which ſo many of the ſubſequent concluſions and obſervations in this eſſay are built—I ſay then, in as clear terms as I am able, that none of the outward things, among which we lately left our ill-fated man gathering up *remnants* of felicity, being ever able to ſatisfy his immenſe capacity for happineſs, which he becomes thoroughly ſenſible of, ſoon after he has been for ſome time in the enjoyment of one or more of them, he abandons ſuch, whoſe inability to render him completely happy, he has experienced, and betakes himſelf to the purſuit of ſome object or objects, where he *yet* hopes to find that long deſired, though always unattainable, happineſs. Now we already acknowledged that exterior creatures, ſuch as men, women, &c. while a perſon continues to *fancy* their ſociety will be productive of ſatisfaction to him, are kindly treated by him, though never as was already ſaid

for their ſakes, but *his own*. No ſooner, however, does he perceive how void and unſatisfied they ſtill leave his heart, but he caſts them off *diſguſted*, and always, if he thinks he has power to do it with ſafety to himſelf, wreaks his *vengeance* on them, for not conferring the happineſs he expected, and which, they had not the ability to communicate.

Nothing, certainly, can be more unjuſt than the diſpleaſure thus conceived by a man, againſt *every* rational and irrational creature about him, however dear to him lately, becauſe, forſooth, he experienced an inanity in them, which, if he had not wilfully blinded himſelf, he would have been ſenſible, was the caſe *without trial*, and therefore would have neither expected nor looked for any thing elſe, nor indeed have had further connection with them, but what he could not well avoid. Yet ſo aſtoniſhingly unreaſonable in his conduct, is every ſon of the *preſumptuous Adam*, that this man will now infalliby do every being within his reach all the *miſchief* he poſſibly can, becauſe they did

did not beſtow a *fulneſs of ſatisfaction* on him, which they had not themſelves, and of which, perhaps, they had ſcarcely a *confuſed* idea.—But not to leave our adverſaries room to accuſe us of running on, after their own method, with many words and few reaſons, let us return to the argument, and endeavour to illuſtrate ſtill more what was affirmed, to wit, that ſuch of us as are not purified by the Holy Ghoſt's reſiding in us, muſt neceſſarily be *enemies* to all creatures, as well to the irrational and inanimate, as to thoſe of our own ſpecies, of whom alone we are to treat in this eſſay.

CHAP-

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Reaſons aſſigned for his rage *againſt and* enmity *to all beings—owing principally to his failing of the felicity he expected from them.*

MAN would not place his affection on any creature, unleſs he flattered himſelf, ſuch creature *could* and *would* forward him on his road to happineſs. For as *metaphyſicians* and others demonſtrate, and as is generally granted, man can do no *deliberate* act but with a view to his *great end*, which is no other than *felicity*. So that, his fixing an affection, on any ſuppoſed being is from the motive of his own pleaſure *alone*, expecting vaſt aſſiſtance from it, towards the *intire completion* of his wiſhes, and therefore conſidering it, if not as united to him, at leaſt, as part of *that whole*, out of which his happineſs is ſoon to iſſue.

But

But as we already diſcovered him to have fallen, into three very groſs and capital miſtakes, ſucceſſively; the *firſt*, when he deemed it good for him to turn away from the Creator; the *ſecond*, when he thought he ſhould be fully content in, by, and with himſelf; the *third* and laſt, when he hoped to be happy in himſelf, and by his own act, with the aſſiſtance of the other creatures, through whoſe *miniſtry* that act would be enabled to become *perfect*: theſe three fatal and leading errors, I ſay, only lay a foundation for a multitude of moſt falſe and pernicious concluſions. An examination of a few of theſe, will, it is thought, contribute to elucidate and ſupport our laſt propoſition.

Man having laid it down as an *inconteſtible principle*, that the creatures were to ſupply him, with the *means* of his happineſs, ſoon reduces theſe inauſpicious notions *to practice*. Full of the moſt ſanguine hopes, he, at firſt, makes choice of one or more of theſe temporal beings, to whom he commits his intereſt, and by whom he does not *yet* harbour

bour the ſlighteſt doubt, but all his vaſt expectations will be anſwered, in the moſt *ample manner*. Thus far, he and theſe creatures live in a ſtate of *tolerable* harmony. Woe to ſuch, however, as have any reliance upon it. It was an union founded on the moſt *ſtupid* error, and will end, if he be not deſtitute of *power*, in the moſt wanton *injuſtice*. For no ſooner does a man diſcover, the object or objects, from whom he waited for ſuch *wonderful* ſatisfaction, either adminiſter him no content at all, or not near ſo much as he *expected*, but his former tenderneſs towards them vaniſhes, and leaves room for a moſt exceſſive *anger*, and conſequently a moſt violent deſire of *revenge*. Many cauſes concur to render the hatred, or anger rather, we ſpeak of, extreme. Here are ſome of the principal:

Firſt, Diſappointment makes a perſon diſſatisfied with himſelf, and *diſpoſes* him to be ſo with others.

Secondly, Hatred, as Tacitus well obſerves, will be only the *more virulent*, for its being ill-founded and unreaſonable.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, Our man is not yet convinced but them exterior objects *might* have rendered him happy; and that they in fact did *not*, he imputes to *ill-will* or *contempt*, not to inability. Now scorn or ill-will (for all ill-will implies more or leſs contempt) are the very *direct movers* to anger. And this laſt paſſion impels, as every one knows, to the *deſtruction* of whatever gave riſe to it. That is, a perſon in anger, in order to recover that regard and conſideration, of which he thinks himſelf *unjuſtly deprived* by diſdain, muſt, according to the *natural impulſe* of the paſſion, endeavour that the object, by which he fancies himſelf offended, ſhould either *not be*, or ſhould *be miſerable*; and moreover, that this non-exiſtence or miſery ſhould be *his own proper* work. For then only, does he believe, he has really recovered the rank he held in his own eyes, when by his *own* ſtrength he annihilates, or renders the being *miſerable*, that ſought to degrade him from it. Such is the tendency of anger in *every ſtage*—allowing no doubt, as in all other inclinations, ſo in this, for the *greater*

or

or *leſſer* eagerneſs it may proceed with, proportioned to the degree of emotion it is actually agitated by. We do not mean to call in queſtion or confound the *more* or *leſs*, in all human inclinations whatſoever, whether virtuous or vicious; nor to contend, that the paſſion now under examination, in particular, flies to its gratification, with ſuch rapid vehemence, when weak or in its infancy, as when full grown, and arrived at thorough maturity. We inſiſt, nevertheleſs, its direction is always the *ſame*.—We contend—whether it moves as yet, on ſlow and uncertain wings, or whether well fed, vigorous and keen in the purſuit, it outrides the winds—that *ravage* and *deſtruction* are equally the points it aims at, by the chace *. Reſentment is never ſo feeble, but that, though its maw may not *totally* devour, its talons will at leaſt *tranſfix*, and *lacerate* its prey. From *carnage*

* *Sophocles* ſays, nothing but *death* can ſatisfy his paſſion, or to deliver his ſenſe more literally, can render it old:

" Θυμὸς γῆρας ὀδὲν ἄλλο ἐστι πλὴν θανεῖν."

alen

lone, does it expect *ſatiety*: and to carage it always darts, with an impetuoty of flight, correſponding to the deree of its enmity. This, — I repeat it nce more, — is its direct *tendency*; for ll paſſions have tendencies and movenents as *natural* and *neceſſary*, as any eleſtial or terreſtrial bodies; as are heſe, for example, by which heavy ieces of matter, deſcend, when not bſtructed, to the center: and each paſion in particular, has its own *uniform*, *ated* motion, from which it no more leparts, than the ſun, moon, and other eavenly bodies do, from theirs.

To the above motives to anger and evenge, we may add a *fourth*, to wit, hat the ſight of creatures by whom, or ather in whom, a man experienced ſo nortifying a diſappointment, would be roductive of infinite humiliation to im. For he would be reminded thereby, either that he *miſtook* the means of is happineſs, which muſt be painful, ecauſe, theſe reflections tend to conict him of a *defect* of underſtanding, which, as well as the ſenſe of all other defects or imperfections, is certainly not

not a little diſagreeable; or rather, the
would be perpetual memorials of hi
want of *power*, to *compel* them to affor
the enjoyment he expected, and which
they, he imagines, might have beſtowed
But want of power being alſo a *defect*
the recollection, that the aforeſaid crea-
tures were the occaſions, if not cauſes
of a man's being expoſed to ſuch mor-
tifications, would accelerate their ruin

CHAP

CHAPTER the Fifth.

Had he power he would ſoon deſtroy *every creature he had any connection with, through vexation at the* diſappointment, *mentioned in the two laſt chapters.*

IN oppoſition to what we ſaid laſt, it may perhaps be demanded, if a man only looks on a creature as a means to, or part of, the felicity he expects, and therefore, even according to us, loves it, no matter now whether for its ſake or his own, why may he not be ſuppoſed to conſider it, for a *long continuance* of time, as advantageous to his preſent or future welfare; and therefore not, as we contend, *immediately* paſs from a ſtate of ſome ſort of, at leaſt intereſted and ſelfiſh, love towards it, to one of diſguſt and hatred?

I anſwer—I do not take upon me to determine, how *long* a man's good-will towards any ſet of creatures may continue; but I think, from the principles laid

laid down above, it will follow, that this affection muſt be *very tranſitory*. It is true, it may often ſubſide, and often again revive: but to remain for any conſiderable time in *vigor* ſeems *impoſſible*.

Man enters into connections with the beings about him, with ſuch *wild* expectations, that as theſe beings muſt for ever fail, in anſwering the *impoſſible* hopes conceived of them, ſo muſt he be *for ever* moved with grief, and vexation, at every diſappointment. He may make repeated trials of the *ſame* creature or creatures, with the ſame neceſſary, though fooliſh, imagination of receiving beatitude from them, but theſe renewed trials, being ſtill attended with no better ſucceſs than the former ones, ſerve only to exaſperate him ſtill *more and more*.

Perhaps (though he does not eſtabliſh ſuch *principles* as we go upon, or indeed few principles at all) it was conſiderations of this ſort, that induced Monſieur *la Bruïere* to affirm: there is *no one*, ſo cloſely united to us, by friendſhip or love, but has, through attachment

ment to his own intereſt, *very near diſpoſitions* to break with us, and become our *enemy* *.

That this enmity not only may, but that it alſo *muſt*, happen, has already, I imagine, been ſatisfactorily proved. That it will alſo *ſoon* happen, will, I think, eaſily follow from the arguments uſed to ſupport the former propoſitions. However to prove this laſt member (though it be very little eſſential to our paſt or future reaſoning) ſtill more directly,——

Man is not only deſirous of thorough happineſs, but he is alſo in the *utmoſt impatience* to enjoy it *immediately*. Felicity being the *perfection of his nature*, the *end*, at which *every* deliberate action or

* Monſ. la Bruïere's own words being ſtill ſtronger and fuller, we ſhall inſert them in the original: " Il n'y a *perſonne au monde* ſi bien " liée avec nous de ſocieté et de bien veillance, " qui nous aime, qui nous goûte, qui nous fait " mille offres de ſervices, et qui nous ſert quelque- " fois; qui n'ait en ſoi par l'attachment à ſon " interêt *des diſpoſitions très-proches* à rompre " avec nous, et à devenir notre *ennemi*."

Caracteres, p. 201, Par. 1714, onz. edit.

thought of his muſt aim, whatever object gives riſe to the extravagant conceit, that it will afford him happineſs, among the other idle hopes it raiſes, produces that alſo of cauſing in a perſon a confidence, that this happineſs will thereby be *very ſoon* completed. He who, as we have ſeen, indulged the monſtrous notion of finding happineſs where it never was, will not heſitate, in his hope of meeting it, at the firſt or ſecond ſearch. The *firſt* error is by far the groſſer, and more repugnant to ſound ſenſe. As then he found means to ſwallow that, the other will go down without difficulty. And though he every day fails in *both* expectations, that is in finding happineſs in creatures, and finding it in them ſuddenly, yet, as every one obſerves, his ardor in the purſuit, cannot be, *in the leaſt*, checked thereby. The only effect theſe diſappointments have upon him, is to oblige him, on miſſing his chief good in *one* ſtreet, to look for it in *another*, with ſtill the ſame ſanguine hopes of finding it *certainly*, and in a *little time*, at the place to be *next* tried.

It

It is the *underſtanding*, that is *primarily* employed in this *chace*, at leaſt, inaſmuch as it preſents objects to the *will*, which laſt moves towards them, according as it apprehends them *good*, compelling the *underſtanding* to the choice of the propereſt *means* of arriving at their poſſeſſion. But neither *underſtanding* nor *will*, can apprehend many objects at the ſame time; the former being limited to the determination of the *truth* of a *ſingle* matter, as the latter is to the ſenſe it has of its *goodneſs*. Now the underſtanding and will, or, to ſay all in one word, man, adhering to ſome exterior object and expecting bliſs from it, finds his hopes *ſoon* fruſtrated, in the manner more than once explained, which diſappointment he imputing, as we have ſhewn, principally to a *want of inclination*, in the object, to promote his welfare, muſt be moved with *indignation* againſt it, and muſt in conſequence aim at its *deſtruction*, and indeed *at once* actually deſtroy it, if not prevented by *fear*, or ſome other modification of *ſelf-love*, from *inſtantly* putting

his avenging purpoſes into execution*.

Should

* *Maximus Tyrius* gives a true and lively, though perhaps over verboſe deſcription, of the horrid enmity and confuſion, which the jarring paſſions of mankind *inceſſantly occaſion*, between countrymen, intimates, and kindred. To prevent the lamentable miſchiefs, the claſhing whims and vices of men bring upon one another, he preſcribes no remedy, but *friendſhip*. But, alas! ſuch a virtue, cannot, as we ſhall, God willing, ſhew, in a ſubſequent work, take up its reſidence, among the wicked. Even the very ſhadow of that deſirable affection, is not ſeen above once in three or four hundred years. So that if we are to find no ſecurity among, or laſting good-will from each other, until the *exalted friendſhip*, he talks of, becomes *univerſal*, our caſe is deſperate indeed: it being, as was juſt ſaid, *impoſſible* for us, to learn the practice of *that*, or *any other virtue*, in the ſchool of this world. Ah, why then did not the aforeſaid writer, hit upon the only method, of putting a period to the *cruel war*, perpetually waged *for trifles*, between man and man, which he has depicted ſo pathetically? This only method is a ſerious application to our God and Saviour, that he may inſpire us with *meekneſs*, and *unfeigned* brotherly love. He *alone* can communicate

Should he wait to receive, on a ſecond or third trial, that enjoyment in

nicate theſe virtues: and until he does,—though we may learn their names—diſcourſe of them—write of them—define them—yet, ſhall we be never able to PRACTICE them;—and ſhall, therefore, never long enjoy peace with others, or ourſelves.——But to return to *Maximus Tyrius*.—His melancholy account of our atrocious crimes, inconſtancy to, and ſhocking treatment of *one another*, is as follows: " οὐκ ἔτν ὄφελος φιλίας ἀτλικῆς, ἄλλα πάντα ὕπτλα καὶ σαθρὰ καὶ ἄπισα καὶ διαβεβρωμένα, μετὰ φθόνν καὶ ὀργῆς καὶ ἀπειροκαλίας, καὶ φιλοχρηματίας καὶ φιλοδοξίας. κἂν τὴν λοιπὴν ἑλλάδα ἐπείπῃς, ἀφθονίαν ὄψει σκυθρωπῶν διηγημάτων ἄνδρα ἀνδρὶ συμπετλωκότα, καὶ, πόλιν πόλει, καὶ γέν☞ γένει, ἢ τὸ δωρικὸν τῷ ἰωνικῷ μόνον, ἢδὲ τὸ βοιώτιον τῷ ἀτλικῷ, ἄλλὰ καὶ ἴωνας ἴωσι, καὶ δωριέας δωριεῦσι, καὶ βοιωτὲς βοιωτοῖς συμπίπλοντας, καὶ ἀθηναίνς ἀθηναίοις, καὶ θηβαίνς θηβαίοις, κὶ κορινθίνς κορινθίοις, συγγενεῖς καὶ συνεσίνς, πολεμίνς, πάντας πάσιν ἐπιτιθεμέννς, τὲς ὑπὸ τον αὐτὸν ἥλιον καὶ τὸν αὐτὸν αἰθέρα καὶ τὸν αὐτὸν νόμον, καὶ τὴν αὐτὴν φωνὴν ἱέντας, καὶ τὴν αὐτὴν γῆν νεμομέννς, καὶ καρπὲς τὲς αὐτὲς σιτεμέννς, καὶ μυσήρια τα αὐτὰ τελεμέννς· ἕς πριβάλλει τεῖχ☞ ἓν καὶ πόλις μία, πολεμούντας, σπενδομέννς· ὀμνύντας, ἐπιορκουντας· συντιθεμέννς, μετατιθεμέννς· καὶ προφάσεις μικρὰς μεγίστων κακῶν· οἷς γὰρ ἂν τὸ φιλεῖν τῆς γνώμης ἐκπέσῃ, πάντα ἤδη ἀξιόχρεα κινεῖν ὀργὴν καὶ ταράτλειν."

the aforeſaid object, he miſſed of on the firſt, then indeed, this ſame object becomes *again* dear to him, and continues ſo, while he yet conceives hopes, of its affording him the deſired happineſs. Nevertheleſs there is no doubt, but ſooner or latter, grown deſperate with ſo many vain trials, and ſuch corroding repulſes, he will, if at all in his power, make it account with a moſt barbarous ſeverity, for diſappointments, which, in juſtice, he ought to impute *only* to himſelf.

I ſay, the creature *now* grown ſo *odious* in his eyes, for not anſwering his impoſſible expectations, is notwithſtanding *intirely* blameleſs. For, though by its exiſtence, and the other advantages it may have been adorned with, it certainly poſſeſſes beauty or goodneſs, in ſome *inferior* degree, yet is it altogether the man's own fault, to miſtake thus *groſsly*, that ſmall portion of beauty or goodneſs he diſcovered in it, for the *ſupreme* goodneſs he was in ſearch of. And therefore, when he pours down his vengeance on it, which he always does, at leaſt in *deſire*, if checked by love

love of ſelf-preſervation, from doing ſo in *fact*; he puniſhes it for miſtakes and faults, committed *ſolely* by himſelf.

CHAPTER the Sixth.

His acquaintance, wife, children, and other near kindred would probably fall the firſt victims, *to his* revenge—— *Another reaſon, why every man is an enemy to his whole ſpecies—becauſe they are all his rivals, in the love of* abſolute power.

IN the laſt chapter we left our man full of *rage* againſt, and meditating *revenge* on, every one, upon whom, he may, at any time, have built *airy* notions of felicity. Such as he is moſt acquainted with, or who are connected to him moſt cloſely, by the ties of blood, or what they call friendſhip, are thoſe who have *moſt reaſon* to dread his wrath; becauſe, on account of theſe ſame con-

nections and intimacies, *more* was expected from them *.

It is not but *all* creatures whatſoever, have the utmoſt cauſe, to apprehend

* Senſible authors have not thought, they were indulging themſelves, in vague and exaggerated flouriſhes of rhetoric, when they rightly obſerved, that *wild beaſts* ſpare thoſe of their own kind, and ſuch as are nearly connected to them, by the ties of active or paſſive procreation, &c. but that *man's rage* alone, cannot be checked by conſiderations of kindred and friendſhip: "Apud homines tantum, nec a *neceſſariis* qui-"dem *rabies* temperat ſibi," ſays *Seneca*, in his treatiſe *on clemency*.

The cautious and judicious St. *Auguſtin*, in the *City of God*, declares, no *ſavage brute* is more cruel than man, left to purſue the dictate of *his own inclination*, that is, whoſe *innate propenſity to evils of every ſort*, and, among the reſt, to *maſſacring wrath*, has not been removed, through the interpoſition of his Maker's rectifying grace: "fera *nulla immanior* eſt HOMINE, ſi SUIS "AFFECTIBUS relinquatur."—And again, in the ſame work; —"Neque unquam inter ſe *Leones* "aut inter ſe *Dracones*, qualia inter ſe HOMINES "*bella geſſerunt*."

Vide, ſi lubet, *Horat.* epod. 7. *Juvenal*, ſat. 15, verſ. 159, et ſequen. *Plin.* proœm. lib. 7.

every

every ſort of ill-treatment from him, for there are none ſo abject and contemptible, to whom he will not, in their turn, become an humble *petitioner* for *ſovereign enjoyment*, and whom he will not look upon, as his *declared enemies*, for not conferring it. And therefore *Xerxes* venting his fury on the inanimate ſea, becauſe he fancied it thwarting his deſires, betrayed no more madneſs on that occaſion, than *every other perſon* would have experienced, if not openly ſhewn in *ſimilar* circumſtances. The great *Cyrus* is no where charged with more frenzy, than is implied in the very idea of all paſſions, without exception, when they arrive at any uncommon *height* *. Yet, not only *Herodotus*

* It is uſual with ſhallow people, on hearing of any vivid action or expreſſion, proceeding from ſome violent paſſion, with which they do not then feel themſelves affected, or not nearly in ſo high a degree,—to treat ſuch words or actions, as downright *madneſs*, and thoſe who uttered or performed them as *lunatics*. But this will, on a little reflection, appear a viſible abſurdity; for no one was ever yet *ſuperlatively* eminent

dotus relates, but *Seneca*, in his third book on anger confirms, that ſo immoderate

eminent either in the field or in literature, who was not replete with *extraordinary* notions, and did not, at times, launch out into actions, which, however uncommon, were no otherwiſe *extravagant*, than by being the reſult of ſome *over-vehement* inclination. It is of this matter of fact, I mean of perſons ſometimes paſſing for fools, who talk or act under the direction of an *extreme* love of glory, power, or any other object, that father *Mallebranche* may be underſtood to ſpeak, when he ſays: " Pour être *fou* dans " l'eſprit des autres, il n'eſt pas neceſſaire qu'on " le ſoit effectivement. Il ſuffit de penſer ou de " voir les choſes *autrement* qu'eux: car ſi tous " les hommes croïoient être comme des *coqs*, " celui qui ſe croiroit *tel qu'il eſt*, paſſeroit cer- " tainement pour un *inſenſé*."

Récherche de la verité, tome troiſiéme, page 34, edit. de *Paris* 1677.

Voïez le même dans le ſecond tome, page 284.

Mr. *Hobbes* ſpeaks ſtill more clearly, when, in the eighth chapter of the firſt part of Leviathan, he obſerves, that, " to have *ſtronger* and *more* " *vehement* paſſions for any thing, than is *ordi-* " *narily* ſeen in others, is that which men call " *madneſs*.—

" —But

derate was that conqueror's vexation, at one of his favourite horſes being drowned in the river *Gindes*, the largeſt, according to *Oroſius*, in thoſe parts of *Aſia*, next the *Euphrates*, that he ſwore he would diminiſh its waters to ſuch a degree, that women ſhould paſs it over, on dry foot. Which he afterwards effected with prodigious labor, by ſluicing it off into three hundred and ſixty rivulets. And, notwithſtanding a good deal of time muſt have intervened, between forming the deſign and completing it, ſtill his *indignation*, againſt the obnoxious river *, continued unabated all the while, and ſubſided not, until he had in effect, purſuant to his menace,

——" But of the ſeveral *kinds* of madneſs, " he that would take the pains, might en- " role a *legion*."

* Ὀργιζόμενα καὶ πολεμίοις, καὶ φίλοις, καὶ τέκνοις, καὶ γονεῦσι, καὶ θεοῖς νὴ Δία, καὶ θηρίοις καὶ ἀψύχοις σκεύεσιν· ὡς ὁ Θάμυρις,——ῥηγνὺς ἁρμονίαν χορδοτόνῳ λύρας· καὶ ὁ Πανδαρος, αὐτῷ καταρώμενος, εἰ μὴ τὰ τόξα καταπρήσειε, χερσὶ διακλάσσας. Ὁ δὲ Ξέρξης καὶ τῇ θαλάττῃ στίγματα καὶ πληγάς ἐνέβαλλε. Plut. περὶ ἀοργήσιας.

drained

drained it away intirely, from its former channel.

However, the moſt *conſiderable* viſible objects about a man, ſuch as are the beings of his own ſpecies, and, among thoſe, ſuch as he oftenеſt *converſes with*, are the victims he would *firſt* ſacrifice to his capricious reſentment, if a multitude of other ſelfiſh conſiderations did not chance to prevent, eſpecially if *dread* did not reſtrain his ſanguinary purpoſes. When then we perceive him, as is ordinarily the caſe, for a length of time ſtill treating his *offſpring*, *kindred*, or *intimates*, with more tenderneſs than he does *ſtrangers*, who had as yet occaſioned him none of the vexatious diſappointments, in his towering hopes of thorough felicity, I ſaid he ſo frequently met with from the former, we are not to impute this forbearing kindneſs, to a fixed and immoveable love he bears theſe objects of his ſeeming predilection, but to *other cauſes*, for which we ſhall now endeavour to account, as briefly and clearly as poſſible.

A per-

A perſon, let his power appear ever ſo unlimited, is yet very ſenſible he has *many* meaſures to keep with thoſe under his authority. He knows their motives to obedience are *purely* intereſted, proceeding chiefly, (as *Tiberius* tells his ſucceſſor in ſubſtance) from *dread* of not ſucceeding in an endeavour to dethrone him, and of loſing their lives, as a puniſhment for the attempt. But if he ſhould, for reaſons that might appear trivial, ſlaughter any great number of his people, he is well aware, that though he has nothing at all to fear from thoſe already dead, becauſe, as *Nicholas Machiavel* ſimply enough obſerves, "when a man is once dead, he can no "longer think of revenge *;" ſtill that thoſe who are *alive*, fearing they may themſelves be the next ſacrifices, he ſhall offer up to his cruelty, will grow deſperate, and the fear of loſing their lives by oppoſing him, giving way to the now more preſſing and certain one, of being deprived of them at any rate,

* Politic diſcourſ. upon the firſt Decad. of *Livy*, book 3, chap. 6.

with-

without any provocation given on their part, the conſequence of this ſtate of deſpair would be, he evidently ſees, to arm them all immediately againſt him. For the preſervation then of his own *exiſtence*, he muſt ſuffer many, nay moſt of his ſubjects to live, let his dominion be ever ſo abſolute, and let his diſcontent againſt them, for not conferring *beatitude* on him, be never ſo great. And though thoſe moſt about his perſon, are always moſt obnoxious to him, as he is alſo to them, becauſe both parties have been ſo very frequently diſappointed by each other, in their reciprocal applications for *complete* felicity, yet our prince, perceiving he cannot *ſafely* kill all his ſubjects at preſent, thinks proper alſo to lay aſide his reſentment againſt thoſe intimates of his, through the following and other motives.

Though conſtantly unſucceſsful in the ſearch of happineſs, he can *never* give over the purſuit. From his near relations and favorites he often looked for it;—was often diſappointed; and as often *angry* with them, for thus repeatedly failing him, in that *eſſential point*. Yet

Yet although the *natural* and *neceſſary* tendency of anger, conſidered *abſtractedly* and in itſelf, be to puniſh *immediately*, ſtill the *portion* of anger, he ſo often harbored againſt every one of his acquaintance, at different periods, being hitherto always leſs, than the terror he felt of evil enſuing to himſelf, in caſe he permitted his anger to take its own *direct courſe*, the ſtronger paſſion, I mean love of ſelf-preſervation, maſters, no doubt, the aforeſaid by far weaker ſhare of anger, binds, and even ſo effectually ſubdues it, that moſt commonly none of its effects are at all perceived exteriorly. The perſon thus prevented, by conſiderations of perſonal ſafety, from obeying the impulſes of anger, recurs *again* to his accuſtomed hopes, ſince without hoping he cannot ſubſiſt. And the anger having been *in its beginning* checked, as was ſaid, by fear, and having even, until ſome new provocation may again excite it, *ſubſided entirely*, what remains but that he be again reconciled to the very people who occaſioned it, and who would have been *infallibly* exterminated by it, if the already

ready ſo often mentioned thoughts of perſonal preſervation had not withſtood, and in a moment ſuppreſſed its fatal ſallies?

We ſaid he goes on *ſtill*, hoping for felicity as before—He does; and, not finding it yet in himſelf, he muſt look for it *ſomewhere* elſe, in the manner explained in the foregoing chapters. And notwithſtanding his ſo often miſſing it in that quarter, where he had before ſo frequently ſought it, I mean among his blood relations, and companions, yet where, thinks he, ought he ſtill naturally cheriſh greater expectations, of *at laſt* attaining thereto, than among thoſe ſame perſons, with whom he is connected, by a variety of endearing ties? To them, then, in ſpite of former vain applications, reſentments, and reconciliations does he lift his ſtill *expecting* eyes. And in this circle he perpetually moves; the former *dread* always continuing, and being *commonly* ſtrong enough, to prevent his ever accompliſhing the *murdering purpoſes*, to which the more frequent, as well as greater degree of *anger*, we ſee him entertain, againſt kindred

kindred than others, would otherwiſe *neceſſarily* lead him.

Such, however, is the atrocious butchery, to which the diſcontents and bickerings, we obſerve daily in all families, would infallibly conduct, if not prevented by *fear*, the only curb of any *great weight*, now left on the *inſolence of man*. Conſidering this inward *ſtate of hoſtility*, in which men, as well in as out of ſociety, are *for ever* engaged, againſt each other, is it not very natural for us to *wonder*, after an author of reputation already cited, how "ſeven "or eight perſons can be brought to "live together in one incloſure, under "one roof, and compoſe one fa-"mily *."

The goodneſs of *Job* was *genuine*, was *extreme*, was *perſevering*, not like that of the unjuſtly celebrated *Titus*, *Socrates*,

* "*Quand je penſe*, à la contrarieté des eſprits, "des goûts et des ſentimens, *je ſuis étonné* de "voir juſques à ſept ou huit perſonnes ſe raſſem-"bler ſous un même toit, dans une même en-"ceinte, et compoſer une ſeule famille."

La Bruïere Caract. pag. 373.

Ariſtides, &c. *fallacious*, *trifling*, *inconſtant*; yet we hear even *him* relating * how his very ſervants uſed to wiſh to glut their fury by *devouring his fleſh*. So true it is, as the ſcripture remarks, that "*ones* "*chief enemies are his domeſtics* †;" becauſe let his benevolence and humanity be ſuppoſed ever ſo eminent, he will never be able to ſatisfy the *inſatiable expectations* of theſe, and his other *happineſs-hunting* dependants or acquaintance.

But the horrid barbarity againſt thoſe with whom a man, eſpecially if an abſolute monarch, ſeems to live in greateſt intimacy, though commonly *curbed* and *confined* by the more potent dread of the loſs of life, is ſtill, however, every hour *reviving* in his *unquiet breaſt*. By means of it, the ſecurity of his family and friends is very *precarious*, as their ſafety will not continue a moment longer, than while the fear of being put to death *exceeds* the rage, he is perpetually falling into, againſt them. The height of his fury *once* overtopping his

* *Job*, cap. xxxi, 31.

† *Mich.* vii. verſ. 6. et *Matth.* x. 36.

appre-

apprehenſion, they muſt all periſh—what do I ſay? they are already no more.

Wherefore the emperor *Auguſtus* * had more reaſon than he imagined for proteſting, "*he had rather be king* Herod's "*hog, than his ſon*;" for near kinſmen, being uſually very frequently in a monarch's *preſence*, are, on that account, in the more imminent and immediate *danger*. In order, therefore, to ſecure themſelves with further *preventive precautions*, beſides the ſafety they may

* Though *Macrobius* (Saturnal. lib. 2. cap. 4.) relates, that *Auguſtus* had uſed the above expreſſion, on hearing of *Herod*'s maſſacre of the children at *Bethlehem*, where this author, who lived ſo many centuries later, without quoting any earlier writer, ſays, a male child of the king's, being at nurſe, ſhared the fate of the reſt; yet, ſeveral critics think it more probable, the emperor's reflection was occaſioned, by the execution of *Antipater*, whom *Herod* had put to death about the ſame time, which might naturally call to the *Roman*'s remembrance, how the ſame *Jewiſh* prince had formerly deprived two of his other grown up ſons of life, in like manner, by the hands of an executioner.

chance derive from their deſpotic prince's *fears*, they would do well to practice a conduct, correſponding to that recommended by *Ariſtotle* to *Calliſthenes*, when he counſelled him "*to ſee* Alexander *as* "*ſeldom and as agreeably as poſſible.*"

If then every man does not, in a little time, maſſacre thoſe he once called friends, or, as *Hercules* is ſaid to have effected, ſlay his wife and children without mercy, it is only, becauſe *fear* ties up his hands. For the moſt abſolute rulers have *many* things to dread; as there are no ſlaves, however abject, that will not rouſe at injuries often repeated, eſpecially *if more are ſtill apprehended.* This fell averſion to their people, becauſe theſe laſt cannot render them *happy*, is notwithſtanding more viſible in ſovereign princes than any beſides, they having leaſt reaſon to apprehend the juſt puniſhment of their crimes—or not ſo immediately, as their inferiors. And if after all, the above ſpirit of wanton wrath may not have been ſo perceptible, in the greater number of deſpotic monarchs, it is owing intirely to *fear* or ſome other *ſelfiſh motive*, that

it

it has not. For the prince's diſappointment, in the hope of attaining to complete happineſs, by means of his wife, children, and ſubjects, muſt produce anger; and anger of itſelf prompts *directly* to the immediate exciſion of the perſon or perſons, againſt whom reſentment is harboured.

Another cauſe, (or more properly the ſame with the foregoing deſire of felicity, but conſidered under a different point of view) that renders princes *enemies* to their ſubjects, the ſubjects to each other, and to the ſovereign, is becauſe they all, either *actually* or *virtually*, aim at the ſame exterior good, I mean POWER; and all contending for univerſal *empire*, which can only be enjoyed by one, every man is, on that account, his neighbour's *implacable rival*.

Authority, being the exterior good that moſt univerſally captivates the little heart of man, and the abuſe of it, being one of the moſt *ſenſible* or *experimental* proofs, we have of his depravity, will require to be treated of extenſively, as we purpoſe doing in our next chapter.

CHAPTER the SEVENTH.

An attempt to convey ſome weak idea of the omnipotent authority *every man covets —why it is ſo* eagerly *deſired—each individual in ſearch of it, in oppoſition to every other—therefore* all enemies to one another—*all diſappointed of the* Sovereignty *they ambition.*

OF all *outward* goods, or means, ſought by men, to arrive at happineſs, that of *Power* is moſt univerſally deſired *. From this they are apt to promiſe

* It is a ridiculous imagination, ſays *Moyle*, " to conceive men will be ſervants when they " can be maſters."

Argument againſt a Standing Army, p. 198. Lond. 1697.

" So *endleſs* and *exorbitant* are the deſires of " men, whether conſidered in their perſons or " their ſtates, that they will graſp at ALL, " and can form no ſcheme of *perfect* happineſs " with leſs. Ever ſince men have been united

promiſe themſelves the moſt complete *ſelf-ſatisfaction*; that is, they flatter themſelves, that, by being honored,

" into governments, the hopes and endeavours " after *univerſal monarchy* have been bandied " among them."

Swift's Conteſts and Diſſent, in Athens and Rome, Chap. the 1ſt.

Of all the paſſions which actuate the heart of man, *the luſt of reigning* is, according to *Tacitus* " the moſt *vehement* and *flaming*." Tacit. lib. 15.

Hobbes ſays, " In the firſt place I put for a " general inclination of ALL MANKIND, a " perpetual and reſtleſs deſire of *power after* " *power* that ceaſeth only in death." Leviathan chap. xi.

An anonymous French writer obſerves, " the " greateſt partizans of this equality (between " men) have always been the moſt *deſpotic* " *maſters*, when they have had power in their " hands."

Eſſay upon Civil Government, chap. iv. p. 35. London, 1722.

And *Monteſquieu* remarks to the ſame purpoſe, that " a man's cravings after power are al- " ways *moſt inſatiable* when he enjoys the " greateſt ſhare of it."

Reflections on the Cauſes of the Grandeur and Declenſion of the Romans, chap. xi.

praiſed, obeyed—in a word, *loved* by all other men, they ſhall be enabled, with the addition of ſo many favorable teſtimonies, to retire *into themſelves*; there find, *in reality*, the *abundance of worth*, which their ſycophants ſhall be inceſſantly proteſting to them they have, and thus at laſt, be completely happy *in* and *by* themſelves, like God. This their *grand object*, authority, carrying with it a certain idea of *exaltation* captivates them the more, becauſe *elevation* and *grandeur* are ſome of the characteriſticks of the *true good*, of which man retains ſome *feeble notions*, even in his *depraved*, and *fallen* condition.

Beſides, the *univerſal empire* they covet, being *impoſſible* to be attained to, they are not liable to be impreſſed, with a ſenſe of its inſufficiency and futility, as readily as they may be, of the inſipidity of *bodily pleaſures*, which are within every one's reach, and whoſe inability to afford laſting ſatisfaction, they already *often experienced*.

The Dominion, they thus ambition, is of the moſt *unlimited kind*. No power hitherto enjoyed by any man *in the leaſt* ap-

approaches that extenſive, not to ſay *omnipotent*, authority, eagerly coveted, and as ardently hoped for, though not always ſenſibly, by *them all*. *At firſt*, indeed the deſire appears extremely moderate, even to the deſirer himſelf: upon meeting with any ſucceſs it *extends* itſelf, and goes on thus *increaſing*, (I mean *perceptibly*, for it always had the ſame bulk, though it was neither ſo conſpicuous, nor ſo diſtinctly ordered, in itſelf or parts) until it at laſt arrives at ſuch a *monſtrous ſize*, as not to be conceived diſtinctly by the imagination, much leſs can it be deſcribed by words. For it is giving but a very faint idea of its immenſity, to ſay with the poet, *that it covets* " *to beſtride the world like a* " *Coloſſus* ;" or that it aims at being the *ſole object* of the obedience, reſpect, eſteem, love, adoration, and ſo forth, of all other men, of every rank and degree.

With this laſt notion, however weak, of the *ſovereignty* ambitioned by *every* man, we muſt content ourſelves. And truly, however inadequate the idea we have given

given be, to the *boundleſs* ambition itſelf, yet were it not demonſtrated by all ſorts of arguments, as well by invincible reaſons *à priori*, as from many *experimental* or *à poſteriori* ones, we could ſcarce be able to conceive, how a *rational* creature, could once *ſeriouſly* expect, to be loved by others for *its own ſake:* for to obtain this *immediate* (though it cannot, as is clear from what has been already ſaid, be called the *laſt* or *ultimate*) end, is *power* ſo ardently coveted; man never, as he imagines, reigning completely, until he reigns over the *affections*, as well as *perſons*, of his fellow creatures.

It would be needleſs to ſay, a man always miſcarries, in his impious attempts, to prevail upon all mankind to *proſtrate* themſelves with him before his wretched *idol—ſelf*.

We have ſeen at large, how he *adores himſelf* inceſſantly; but we ſhall never be able to diſcover him, worſhipped by *any other* creature, however inſignificant. For if one man erects an altar, in order to burn incenſe before his own idol,

that

that is, his *polluted ſelf*; every one elſe does the ſame: ſo that nothing is to be obſerved but difference of worſhip on all ſides; but altar raiſed againſt altar; but each perſon on his knees, before a *golden calf of his own*.—To ſpeak without figure, and with our uſual plainneſs—man always fails, in the efforts he makes, to gain the *affections* of every other man, which is the abſolute, effectual, and thorough *ſovereignty* he thirſts for; becauſe every one can love *only himſelf*, and can deſire nothing but *for himſelf*. This diſpoſition of theirs, he perpetually endeavours to *change*, but in vain. And though always unſucceſsful, in this unfortunate occupation, he can *never* relinquiſh it. O fatal *blindneſs!*—How! to expect that any creature, when it loſes its *love of preference* for the Divinity, will, or can transfer that love, to any other object, but *itſelf!* this without doubt, is attempting *to ſow the wind:* but, however unattainable and impoſſible the good, thus ſought for, is, all men muſt nevertheleſs contend for it, *againſt each other*, with *all* their might.

might. Ages of fruitleſs purſuit will not weaken man's burning impatience, *to be loved for himſelf*; and if time cannot enfeeble the deſire, neither can it, aſſuredly, the *hope* of accompliſhing, what he ſo eagerly deſires. For no length of time can make any being loſe its *deſire of happineſs*, or grow faint in the ſearch after it: and the *conſideration*, *love*, or *power* above-mentioned, are the chief *means* a rational one propoſes, in order to arrive at that great end.

But our Creator, the eſſential, and, in one ſenſe, *only good*, whom a father calls that beauty ſo ancient and ſo new, who, by *ſatisfying* all a man's vaſt deſires, can alone *quiet* them, or, as he expreſſed it himſelf, *refreſh and make them reſt*.—He, I ſay, never diſcovering his *amiableneſs*, to thoſe, who *merited* to be always deprived of the knowledge of it, ſuch beings not *effectually enlightened* by him, ſo as to be really convinced, their *own felicity* conſiſts in him, ſeek this happineſs in *themſelves*, where it cannot

cannot be placed independent of him, and ſeek it by *means*, which are impoſſible to be ever compaſſed, ſuch as principally, the *obedience*, *eſteem*, and *love* of all things. What endleſs *illuſions*, I repeat it for the laſt time, muſt not this be productive of? the ſame *impoſſible end*, deſired, hoped for, purſued, and that by equally impoſſible *means*, which muſt, at all times, produce the moſt corroding diſappointments; and yet, in ſpite of all diſappointments, ſtill deſired, hoped for, purſued—*and thus for ever!*

Having explained, as fully as I was able, what the ſovereignty *really is*, which all men thus *vehemently ambition* and *contend for*, I ſhall now inquire, how far a man, arriving at what is called *abſolute dominion*, over a vaſt kingdom, has thereby ſucceeded in his *expectations*: I ſhall then hint, at ſome of the methods, he practices to *preſerve* and *enlarge* his authority, over his people, together with thoſe uſed by a *private perſon*, in order to obtain as much influence or power as poſſible, among men of his

own

own rank, when he cannot *immediately ſeize* on the royal dignity. Laſtly, from the principles heretofore laid down, I ſhall ſhew, what monſtrous *abuſe*, every man would *infallibly* make of his power, if he enjoyed it, in the extenſive and *uncontrouled* manner, he labors for.

CHAP.

CHAPTER the Eighth.

Man ambitions power *only in order to captivate the* love *of the reſt of his ſpecies—but thoſe, who arrive at any little authority, over their neighbours, are always moſt* hated *and* unhappy—*and why.*

MAN, by all the efforts he makes to arrive at power, over other men, intending thereby, as we have ſeen, to render himſelf the *ſole* object of their *veneration*, is every moment diſappointed, in his pretenſions, even when he *appears* to have acquired the moſt deſpotic juriſdiction over them. Though our man, whom we ſhall now ſuppoſe in poſſeſſion of an empire, with as few limitations, as can be conceived, ſhould call himſelf "*emperor of emperors*, *brother* "*to the ſun and moon*, *ſhadow of God on* "*earth*, *or God himſelf*," as many have done, he, after all, enjoys ſcarce any power

power whatever, and is moreover, ſuppoſing his deſires equally *lively* as thoſe of his ſubjects—he is neceſſarily, I ſay, the moſt *indigent* and *wretched* being among them. The proof of theſe aſſertions will be very eaſy, after what has been already ſaid, and therefore we ſhall have no occaſion, to dwell long upon them.

What a man is chiefly ſmitten with, in his purſuit of empire, is the fond hope of *reigning completely*, firſt over ſome millions of men, then over other millions, until, at laſt, he ſhall rule over *every individual on earth*. When he aims at this ſovereignty, he aims at it, in the moſt *perfect*, and *extenſive* manner. He aims at ruling, over their *underſtanding* and *affection*, that is, over what is moſt valuable in them. The *hand* or *foot*, moved in his ſervice, can afford him little or no content, unleſs he thinks, the *mind* and *heart cheerfully* direct the motions. Were he perſuaded thoſe, who ſeem attentive to his leaſt nod, did nevertheleſs ſecretly either *deſpiſe* or *hate* him, all the obedience they may render,

render, would, while he continued in the foregoing perſuaſion, prove not only unſatisfactory, but thoroughly *odious*. This poſition no one will contradict, as every perſon has often had ſenſible proofs of its truth. For where is the man, though he were not puffed up by the poſſeſſion, either of limited or *abſolute monarchy*, who has not felt uneaſineſs, as frequently as pleaſure, even from *actual ſervices*, when perſuaded, they did not proceed from a fund of *good will* towards him?

But this is a mortification to which our *abſolute prince*, notwithſtanding his near kindred to the *ſun and moon*, is daily expoſed. For although when he ſays to one man "go," and he goes; or to another "come," and he at once comes; or to a third, "do this," and the third does it accordingly,—ſtill is this no more than what ſchool-men term *material* obedience; that is, it is not obedience, in the *manner* he wiſhes, becauſe it is not obedience, *for his own ſake*. And what is not done

for him, *for his own ſake*, he utterly *loaths*.

It may be objected, that not being convinced but theſe duties were paid him, on his own account, nothing hinders his being content with them. But it is anſwered, he cannot be *long* miſtaken in this particular. Good offices flowing from *affection*, have a *ſtamp*, that cannot be *counterfeited* with ſucceſs, for any length of time. It is true, as we ſhall have occaſion to ſay again hereafter, that, to avoid perpetual ſources of diſquiet, he will himſelf often be *a party*, in his ſubjects attempts to *impoſe* on him. He will frequently *endeavour* to perſuade himſelf, their obedience is more the conſequence of *ſincere* attachment to his perſon, than of *ſelf-intereſt* or *dread*. It is not, in the mean time, that a perſon *can* always ſucceed, in laboring to convince himſelf, of what would be moſt agreeable to him. Truth frequently *obtrudes itſelf*, in ſpite of all *oppoſition*, on the minds of theſe *ſelf-ſeducers*, and diſpels the *ſhort-lived* ſatiſfaction,

faction, they borrowed from their *illuſive fancies*. And on no occaſion does that *unwelcome* illumination *force* its way, more ordinarily, than on this, under preſent conſideration.

Our king, will at all times be ſenſible —much too *ſenſible for his peace*, that all the extravagant affection towards him, his ſlaves are for ever boaſting of, is no more, in effect, but what the poet calls,

" ———*Mouth-honor*, *breath*,
" Which the poor heart would fain
" deny, and *dare not*."
SHAKESP.

He will ſee, with eyes ſometimes *dejected* through anxiety or deſpair, at other times *enflamed* with wrath, that his people honor him, it is true, with their *hands*, *feet*, *lips*, and *knees*; but that their *hearts*, which alone he values, are, even in the midſt of theſe *fraudful teſtimonies* of regard, *intirely* eſtranged from him.

Where then is his felicity? Happineſs according to him, and he judges *right*,

conſiſts in *thorough ſelf-eſteem.* But this ſelf-approbation, he falſely imagines, is to be acquired by *power*; becauſe he *as falſely* perſuades himſelf, power will make him maſter of the *eſteem* and *love* of thoſe, over whom he rules: by which means he ſhall, as he thinks, be enabled, at laſt, to *determine* or *pronounce* himſelf, *really eſtimable and lovely.*

The ultimate purpoſe then of all this buſtle about authority, or as *Mr. Hobbes* calls it, "*of this reſtleſs deſire of power after power*, is in order *to gain affection*, which as he always fails of, we may well ſay, *he gains nothing*, becauſe he does not arrive at the *main point*, for which he underwent all his fatigues and cares. Suppoſe him therefore *reigning* over both hemiſpheres, with more unlimited authority, than any ancient or modern Eaſtern potentate, yet, we have the utmoſt reaſon to affirm, that what he deſires *never* is, becauſe it never is *as* he deſires it. What he hates likewiſe *always happens.* For even thoſe events, that ſeem, on a ſlight conſideration, to fall out *according* to his inclination, in reality, ever turn out *againſt* it.

Every

Every wiſh of his is directed towards happineſs, and the chief *means* of arriving at this happineſs, he makes to conſiſt in *power*. As for happineſs he enjoys none, as the whole world knows by *woeful experience*. And he is almoſt at as great a diſtance from any *ſolid* authority, even over thoſe very perſons who wait on him, with the moſt trembling ſubmiſſion. For beſides that the power cannot, in ſtrictneſs, be called *abſolute*, as it reſides ultimately, not in our ſuppoſed monarch, but in another, whoſe *miniſter* he only is, yet not to urge that common argument further, I contend, that no creature, though it may always perform what he commands, *ever once* obeys him, in the manner he covets.

As every one is tempted by means of his *own* deſires, ſo as often as any perſon abandons the *real good*, he does it *for his own* fancied gratification. In every rebellion of a rational creature, againſt the Creator, it never ſets up *any other* ſpirit or being but *itſelf*, which it deſigns to obey. Now this is *diametrically oppoſite*, to the will of him we ſuppoſe a deſpotic

prince. His orders always tend to the following end, to wit, the *obeying*, *eſteeming*, *loving him on his own account*, through which obedience, eſteem, and love, he hopes to be at laſt happy *in himſelf*. But when any ſubject does the things ſuggeſted or commanded by him, he *never* does them, to obey, eſteem, or love his maſter, that is, in other words, he never does them, for the *end* the former deſires. For the end of ſuch a creature, in all its deliberate actions, without exception, is obedience, eſteem, and love *to itſelf*. And, in fine, the leaſt action of the meaneſt ſpirited ſlave neither is, nor *can* be done for the ſovereign, though he were not only *brother* to the *ſun* and *moon*, but even *father* or *grandfather* to theſe luminaries.

Inſtead then of ſubmiſſive ſubjects, he only ſees *inveterate enemies* and *opponents*, on every ſide, who never do any thing, *according* to his inclination, but every hing, *againſt* it.

He is more *odious* to his people, than they are to each other, and he is moſt *puniſhed* by them—and this is the ſecond propo-

propoſition, we advanced, in the preſent chapter.

He is moſt *hated* by them, becauſe none ſo violently oppoſes the *gratification* of them all—the being *obeyed*, *eſteemed*, *loved*, and conſequently, as they think, *happy in themſelves*. Now men always moſt *hate*, what forms the greateſt obſtacle to the accompliſhment of their deſires, whether they know *diſtinctly* what it is or not: they muſt then, either *actually* or *virtually hate* their ſovereign *moſt*, as he moſt eagerly, and with moſt *ſeeming* ſucceſs, *oppoſes* their deſires, that is, he moſt *openly* and indefatigably labors, to make all the reſt contribute to his happineſs, by *obeying*, *eſteeming*, *and loving him for himſelf*.

He is more *puniſhed* by them, than they are by one another; becauſe the more *violent* any deſires are, the more *grievous* their diſappointment. His love of himſelf—I mean only his love of ſway, eſteem, and affection *for his own ſake*, is more conſiderable, than that of his ſubjects, and his failure, in all thoſe

great points, is more *diſtreſſing* to him. It has been proved, he *always* fails in the above views, becauſe, as was ſaid, each of his ſubjects loves *only himſelf*, and is only ſolicitous, about *his own welfare*.

But, if the monarch has the laſt-mentioned misfortune, *in common* with all his people, the following is *peculiar* to himſelf; and it is it, that renders his ſituation much *more* miſerable than theirs.

The nearer one is arrived to any *deſired end*, the more does the *love* of the good ſought for, *increaſe*; and a failure, when on the point of enjoying any advantage, is then *doubly* mortifying. And this is expreſſive of our prince's condition. However *unſatisfactory* and *imperfect* the power he exerciſes, over his ſubjects may be, it is nevertheleſs a *portion* of power, and will appear no very ſmall portion either, when we reflect, their bodies are, for ſome time, *viſibly*, and *directly*, under his authority, and their ſouls, in ſome meaſure, though *indirectly*. Having thus *taſted* this, to him,

him, moſt *delicious liquor*, *authority*, it is natural he ſhould have a greater deſire, to *quench his thirſt* intirely with it, than thoſe, who have as yet, no *practical* knowledge of its ſweets. And every *check* his hopes, now in full ſpeed, towards the complete enjoyment of his beloved *ſway*, meet with, cauſes *a dejection*, proportioned to their former elevation and exultation. Wherefore, if the ſovereign's deſires be originally as *warm*, as thoſe of his people, he muſt be the *moſt unhappy* of them; becauſe ambitioning *power* as they do, he enjoys a *little* of it, which little ſerves only to enflame his *eager hopes*, of poſſeſſing the *whole*; both which, I mean his *deſires* and *hopes*, being always fruſtrated, his miſery is inconceivably *enhanced* thereby. And therefore, in fine, as he is perpetually falling from *greater heights* than any of his ſubjects, ſo muſt he ever receive *more ſevere contuſions*.

CHAP-

CHAPTER the NINTH.

The abhorrence men feel againſt thoſe they perceive endeavouring to obtain power, *over them*——*Their* immediate reſiſtance, *on ſuch occaſions*—*Still they all* inceſſantly *purſue this the* grand object *of their deſires, by many various methods.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the inceſſant diſappointments, we have ſeen every man, as well the monarch as his ſubjects expoſed to, in the ſearch of *full power*, that is, of *diſintereſted love*, yet one of the principal maledictions, attending their as well unjuſt, as impoſſible ambition is, that they can never deſiſt from ſtruggling with each other, for an *affection*, which no individual of them can or will, *during a ſecond of time, ſpare from himſelf*. This frantic deſire of *conſideration* is the ſource of a *ſtrife* among all

all men, that laſts *as long as their lives*. Conteſts about property or ſenſual pleaſures, will ſubſide ſooner or later; but the *war* every one wages, againſt every other, in order to acquire power over him—over *his heart* eſpecially, admits not of a *truce* even for a *ſingle moment*, much leſs of any laſting peace. And when, by death, hoſtilities ſhall ceaſe, at leaſt in this world, between the *belligerent parties*, their poſterity will be ſure to revive the contention, with all the indefatigable *rage* of their ill-fated anceſtors.

Men are not *always* ſenſible of the oppoſition, their ſpirit is ever making, to theſe unreaſonable pretenſions of their neighbours: nay, they very ſeldom feel any thing of this *furious, and conſtant combat*. When indeed they chance to perceive any efforts made to obtain the *love* we treat of, they obſerve, at the ſame time, the *vigorous indignation*, with which ſuch attempts are immediately repelled. Wherefore one of them rightly ſaid, that "every man hath a *dagger* in "his hand, ready to *ſtab the vanity* of "another,

" another, wherever he perceives it *."
And elſewhere: " The *vanity* of man-
" kind is ſo much *greedier* and *more ge-*
" *neral* than their avarice, that no beg-
" gar is ſo *ill-received* by them as he
" who ſolicits their *praiſe* †."

All this means, that every man, as often as he ſenſibly perceives another, attempting to gain *univerſal love*, by diſcovering his *excellence*, ſo often ſays, if not in the ſame words, certainly to the following effect: " *No—you are not* " *worthy of being loved, but I am.*"

A late writer had an extenſive proſpect of this *univerſal* paſſion, when he obſerved, that " whether *a man* blames " or approves, whether he ſpeaks or is " ſilent, he is *always making his own* " *apology*; for every man is an orator, " who, by his diſcourſe or his actions, " is *perpetually making his own panegy-* " *ric* ‡;" that is, every one is inceſſantly

* Mr. *Fielding*'s Miſcellanies. Vol. I. Eſſay on Converſation.

† Id. a Journey from this World to the next, chap. xxiv.

‡ *Helvetius* on the Mind, eſſay the fourth, chap. the viith, p. 276. *Lond.* 1759. Quarto.

by

by *all* his actions, words, and motions, proclaiming *his own worth*, and laboring, by all poſſible means, to convince the *whole creation of it*, that he *alone* may be loved by all intellectual beings, and not obſtructed, in his purſuits, by ſuch, as are irrational or inanimate.

This is the univerſal paſſion of all perverſe men; and by this all their paſſions, at leaſt, ſuch as have *exterior* things for their object, muſt be explained.

The means, which men make uſe of, to procure for themſelves the *homage* of other beings, are ſo various, ſo ſurprizingly *numerous*, that no body, however diligent in the ſearch, however vigilant and obſervant in detecting them, can diſcover, much leſs deſcribe them all. It is with a view to theſe, the heart of man is, in ſcripture, called *bad and unſearchable*. The meaning of which expreſſion, is, that it is impoſſible to trace out or delineate, all the *arts* and *devices*, by which, men expect to enſlave one another. Thus the human heart is inſcrutable to a perſon, in the *means* it practices, but is not at all ſo,

in

in the *end*, which is ſought by theſe various windings and ſtratagems. The end of them *all*, is to gain *love*, ſtrangely various as the *methods* are, by which that end is attempted to be brought about. Nor are theſe *attacks*, this *ſeducing* or *bullying* people out of their affection, that is, out of what is moſt valuable in them, confined to a man's own ſpecies only; for he offers a *violence*, nearly of the ſame nature, to *every* other being whatever, which, if not very perceptible in his proceedings, towards them all, is often diſcernible enough in his conduct, with regard to many of the brutes, as well as with reſpect to ſeveral inanimate things. We ſhall, for the preſent, confine ourſelves to inquiries and reaſonings, or *ſome* of the expedients he puts in practice, to render himſelf *ſole maſter* of the regard of his own ſpecies.

What every one vehemently deſires, is voluntary obedience or affection; and the *firſt means*, always purſued by mankind, to obtain this end, are to love *a little*, and feign *a great deal* of affection for

for others. This method is conſtantly the *firſt* made uſe of, for the above purpoſe, even by thoſe, in the moſt abſolute authority, and never fails of having *ſome effect*, though by no means equal, in any degree, to ſatisfy the *prodigious thirſt of man*.

Little, however, as is acquired this way, it is much *purer* and *ſincerer*, than what is gained in any other. It is indeed the only thing *like* real affection; nothing being capable to beget affection, but *affection* or the *ſemblance* of it. However, man, created to enjoy *infinity*, is not to be ſatisfied, even with the intire undivided love of every individual on earth, much leſs, with the above *tiny remnants*. Wherefore, as ſoon as he perceives, he does not meet with the degree of ſubmiſſion and regard wiſhed for, the *ſmall ſhare* of good will, which every one muſt entertain for another, before he thinks himſelf injured by him, is converted into the *bittereſt hatred*; he immediately becomes diſſatisfied and incenſed at this *limited love*, and, when not reſtrained by his *fears*,

fears, inſtantly changes his conduct, and inſtead of continuing, by good offices, to preſerve the ſmall portion of pure affection, as ſome term it, that had been beſtowed on him, he tries by *ſeverity* and *puniſhments*, to *force* at once the whole, of what he ſaw dealt out to him, in ſo *ſparing* and *niggardly a manner*.

Thus a man muſt neceſſarily act, towards other men, if he has *power* over, and *dreads nothing* from them: and this accounts for the change in *Nero*'s diſpoſition, from uncommon *lenity* to the greateſt *cruelty*; a change, however, which would happen in *every* man, after he found that "men," as ſecretary *Machiavel* well remarks, being in general *ungrateful*, *inconſtant*, *hypocritical*, *fearful of danger*, *and covetous of gain*, "do with leſs remorſe offend againſt "thoſe who deſire to be *beloved*, than "againſt thoſe who are ambitious of "being *feared*; and the reaſon is, be-"cauſe love is faſtened only by a *liga-*"*ment of obligation*, which the *ill-nature* "*of mankind* breaks upon every occa-"ſion that is preſented to his profit;

"but

" but *fear* depends upon an *apprehen-*
" *ſion of puniſhment*, which is never to
" be diſpelled *." But, on account of the ambiguity of a few of theſe expreſſions, it may be proper to obſerve, that men only deſire to be *feared*, in order to be *loved*; and did they believe this *love* was to be attained to, as well by *profeſſing regard*, as by *exciting terror*, they never would purſue the *latter* method.

It will appear ſtrange, that having in this very chapter aſſerted, that regard or love could never be produced by any thing elſe, but by love, either *already* exiſting, in the perſon beloved, or *ſoon hoped for*, it ſhould now be ſaid, that *terror* and *ill-uſage*, are the *moſt effectual means* of acquiring, this ſo much deſired affection.

But the *ſeeming* contradiction vaniſhes, when it is acknowledged, that terror and puniſhments, *do not really* beget *affection*. What they certainly beget, is the *outward appearance* of re-

* The Prince, chap. xvii.

gard, and that, in a much more *conſtant* and *uniform* manner, than any other method of proceeding can. By the *fears*, this way of acting cauſes, a prince becomes much more *ſenſible* of his *power*, than he would be rendered by *calm*, though indeed more *ſincere*, profeſſions of love. Beſides, ſo well do people know, that no ſovereign can be content, without being *maſter*, or *fancying* himſelf ſo, of their *hearts*, that they take great care, to be inceſſantly offering him up, the moſt *nauſeous* and *lying* proteſtations of *veneration*, *adoration*, *attachment*, together "*with their lives* "*and fortunes*," and ſuch like *unmeaning* cant. All this, it is true, is but a *ſhadow*, not the leaſt *real* attachment or love, ſubſiſting at the time of all thoſe fine declarations. But be it ever ſo much a *ſhadow*, it pleaſes much more, by its *ſeeming* bulk, than that *poor ſkeleton of affection*, purchaſed by thoſe, who only uſe their power, in order *to do good*. Moreover, though it be a *ſhadow*, and that ſhadows can afford no pleaſures, when *known* to be ſuch; yet, we well know,

know, how *dextrous* people are, in converting by the magical force of *imagination* all the objects of their leaſt deſires, which certainly are, in the main, as great ſhadows, as this we ſpeak of can be, into *delightful ſolid ſubſtances*. It may be more truly ſaid of this influence of the *deſires*, on the *imagination*, than of the *poet's pen*, that it

"————gives to *aiery nothing*
" A local habitation and a name."
SHAKESP.

We need not then be in the leaſt ſurprized, that men ſhould prefer this greater ſhare of homage, though *inſincere*, to the *ſmall portion*, which gratitude would procure them, while they can thus ingeniouſly impoſe on themſelves, ſo as generally to take it for the *free language* of the heart.

We do not maintain, this pretended attachment *extorted by fear*, can *fully* ſatisfy the individual, who is the object of it, or that he *always* lays any great dependance on it. As for giving

thorough ſatisfaction, that it without doubt does not, as has been frequently ſaid, in the former part of this book. But this its inability to afford *full* enjoyment, to the almoſt boundleſs deſires of man, it has in common, with *all other* pleaſures, which, though people appear clearly to think otherwiſe by their *conduct*, never can, either ſeparately or all together, afford men the *reſt* or *ſatisfaction* they ſeek.

And as for the *ſuſpicions*, a perſon in power betrays, on *certain* occaſions, of the *fallacy* and *emptineſs* of theſe mighty profeſſions, it is not denied but that he *much more* than ſuſpects them, he even abſolutely and directly gives them the *lie*, when threatened with *danger* of any kind. But when no *evil* is *impending*, he uſes his utmoſt endeavours, and *in ſome meaſure* ſucceeds, in *perſuading himſelf*, this attachment towards him, ſo ſtrongly profeſſed, is *really* exiſting, in the pretenders to it, and is not a tribute, paid by their *fears* to his *high ſtation*, but the ſpontaneous manifeſtation of the love they feel for him, *for his own ſake*.

Without

Without having recourſe to this *raſhneſs* and *ſelf-impoſition*, it would be impoſſible to account for the *pleaſure*, all people receive, from the *civilities* and friendly offers of perſons, who are almoſt *utter ſtrangers* to them. Theſe, though when examined *coolly*, they appear not to merit, having any confidence repoſed in them; yet people, without *neceſſity*, will never *ſcrutinize* them ſo cloſely, but rather chuſe to *aſſiſt the deceit*, by conſidering them, as the *ſincere* emanations of the ſoul.

Theſe declarations of eſteem and love, are alſo agreeable on *another* account. For, ſuppoſing them ever ſo inſincere, they ſtill pay a very *real compliment* to the *power* of him, in whoſe favor they are made. They manifeſtly *prove*, that the perſon, who condeſcends to put them in practice, *expects ſome good* by ſo doing, or *fears ſome evil*, by neglecting it. For no one can abandon *truth*, that is, the natural love of appearing ſuch as he *really is*, but through the hope of ſome other good expected by the *deceit*. A very *ſmall* ſhare of what

a man is pleaſed to *fancy* an advantage, is, it is true, in general, a ſufficient motive to engage him to *counterfeit*, but ſtill, it is abſolutely neceſſary, *ſome* ſhould be hoped for, before he will *ſtoop* to employ *hypocriſy and falſhood*.

CHAP-

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

A brief deſcription of ſome of the methods, practiſed by private perſons, *to obtain the* chief *place, in each other's eſteem and affection, that is, in other words, to* reign completely *over one another.*

FEW or none will deny, but that a *deſire to pleaſe*, founded on the *dread* of the ill-conſequences, which may attend diſpleaſing, is the *cauſe* of the adulation paid to a ſovereign prince which we have been reaſoning upon, in the foregoing chapter: but how, will it be aſked, does it happen, that people, through *politeneſs* and *good breeding*, treat their *equals* and often their *inferiors* with *reſpect and profeſſions of friendſhip?*

Fear of *death*, or apprehenſion of *bodily puniſhment*, or of the loſs of what is called *ſubſtance*, are, I confeſs, in the *latter* caſe, quite out of the queſtion,

but there are an innumerable train of *other terrors*, which if not commonly as *violent* as thoſe of *death*, or *corporal ſufferings*, are *ſtill* nevertheleſs *real fears*. Granting then, a man does not uſually love *praiſe*, *reſpect*, and *affection*, as much as *life*, yet we ſuppoſe him to love them, *in ſome degree*; and if he is ſuppoſed to *love* them, he muſt alſo *fear* his not enjoying them, *fear always exiſting*, *where there is love*.

Loving then *conſideration* and *eſteem*, which he looks upon as *good*, and conſequently *fearing*, the being deprived of this good, he muſt of courſe *fear the perſon*, whether he be his ſuperior, equal or inferior, in whoſe power it is to *withhold* from him this *beloved eſteem or regard*. Thus he muſt dread this neighbour of his, though of no greater rank or authority than himſelf, becauſe he conſiders him as poſſeſſed of an *head* and *heart*, of whoſe moſt *favorable ſentiments*, he has a reſtleſs ambition, to become the *principal object*. He may not have expreſsly perſuaded himſelf, this man's *good opinion*, which he is thus

torment-

tormenting himſelf about, will be ſufficient *alone*, to render him *thoroughly content*; but his laboring for it, with ſuch unremitting ardor, affords a *full conviction* of his *imagining*, at the preſent time, that *without it*, he can, by no means, attain to happineſs.

It is not deſigned now to prove, how every one by the *love* of any thing, which affection muſt be attended, with *fear* of *not obtaining* the wiſhed for good, or of *loſing* it, after it has been obtained, unwilling as ſuch a perſon may be to acknowledge a *ſuperior*, yet by the above *love* and *fear*, actually makes the thing, thus loved and feared, of much *greater conſequence* than himſelf, and on *one* occaſion, at leaſt, really and truly becomes the *ſlave* of what he thus deſires.

This, even ſeveral judicious *pagan* authors, as Cicero, Horace, Perſius * and others, were *thoroughly* ſenſible of, though they took little or no trouble to *account for it*, as many *Chriſtian* ones have ſince done, very acutely and lumi-

* *Cicero*, Parad 5. *Horat.* lib. 2. ſat. 7. *Perſ.* ſat. 5. *Epictet.* paſſim.

nouſly.

nouſly. In acknowledging the *matter of fact* however, the former, are as *unanimous* and *expreſs*, as the latter. Hence the proverb common among them: "*Anima magis eſt ubi amat, quam ubi* "*animat.*" From a conviction, that a vehement inclination effectually *binds* one to whatever object had cauſed it, proceeded *Ariſtippus*'s vain *boaſt* relative to *Thaïs* the courtezan, "that he kept "her, but was not kept by her ἔχω, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔχομαι; hence, in fine, Seneca's pointed ſentence, concerning the avaricious, that "*they do not poſſeſs riches, but are* "*poſſeſſed by them*†," which is a ſentiment, no leſs true of that *particular* paſſion, than of *all* the others, without exception——but we ſhall dwell no longer on this head, as well, becauſe the theme is rather *too trite*, many having already handled it, with extreme perſpicuity and judgment, but principally, becauſe we do not chuſe to wander for any time from our ſubject, with which, the above inquiry has no *immediate* connection; what we meant to

† *Avaros non habere divitias, ſed haberi.*

inſiſt

inſiſt on here, being only, that *all* men endeavour, either by *violent methods*, when they imagine they can *ſafely* employ ſuch, or by *gentle* and *artful* ones, when they think theſe laſt will anſwer their purpoſe *beſt*, *to reign over all things, of what rank or degree ſoever in the creation.*

Although, as we premiſed in the laſt chapter, it would be utterly impoſſible, to give a *particular deſcription* of all the *labors* men undergo, and the *ſtratagems* they put in practice, in order to obtain a *ſovereign authority*, over the *affections* of their intire ſpecies, yet ſome of the *principal* ſhall be briefly hinted at, before we come to inquire, what *uſe* a man would make of the *uncontroled* rule, he is in queſt of; in which laſt queſtion, we are much *more intereſted*, as it is to ſupply us, with but *too many* corroborating proofs, of the *ſhocking depravity* we contend for, in mankind.

The *end* for which all men act and ſpeak, is the ſame, as has been ſhewn already. They all *ſolicit conſideration* and *love*, though after very *different methods.*

methods. Each conſiders what is *moſt valued* by people in *general*, or by thoſe in *particular*, who form *one ſociety with him*. The *good opinion* of thoſe, he *firſt* endeavours to gain, by doing what, he apprehends will be *moſt agreeable* to them. After having *captivated* thoſe, he hopes afterwards to ſucceed, *in like manner*, with others; and ſo on, until he acquires the univerſal *eſteem* of *all intelligent beings*.

But as it often happens, that what a man perceives in *moſt repute*, among thoſe he calls countrymen, he *cannot* himſelf arrive at, or cannot at leaſt be *as eminent* in it, as he wiſhes; in this caſe, he either follows the courſe, attended with *moſt reputation*, and then *perſuades* himſelf, he ſhall, *one time or other*, be *more famous* therein, than any perſon beſides; or, ſhould he not be more renowned for *that art* or *ſcience*, *now* in ſuch high eſtimation, he makes no doubt but his *other great perfections*, joined to the moderate knowledge, he has in this art or occupation, will, at length, procure him a *ſuperior regard*,

from

from the people in queſtion. "For," ſays he, "though this ſcience or myſtery "be *moſt* valued in our town, country, "or kingdom, it is not however, the "*only* endowment, which is prized: "and though it may poſſibly maintain "the *pre-eminence*, over any other *ſingle* "qualification, yet it is impoſſible it "ſhould outweigh, in the public opi-"nion, the *many* I am poſſeſſed of."

Thus he reaſons, when he *follows the crowd*, as he moſt commonly does: but when he *utterly* deſpairs of ſucceeding, in any tolerable manner, in this ſo much admired purſuit, he then ſtrikes out *another road*, to eſteem and affection. When he acts thus, he ſtrongly deſires, and *conſequently expects*, that, however diſregarded the occupation or ſtudy, to which he has dedicated his time, be *at preſent*, it will *ſhortly* be more conſidered and approved, than *any other* profeſſion or literary enquiry whatſoever; and that long *before* he dies himſelf, allowing he ſhould, *like other men*, be obliged to *ſubmit* to death.

But as in any large collection or heap of men, it *rarely* happens, ſo *great* and

uni-

univerſal a preference is given thoſe, who excel in *one* employment, as to leave *other purſuits* deſtitute of admirers, a man being then *fed* and *encouraged*, from the beginning, by the *commendations* of his acquaintance, from thence takes occaſion to *flatter* himſelf, with the moſt *univerſal favor*.

It ought, after what has been already ſo often ſaid, to be unneceſſary for us to repeat, that what is eagerly wiſhed for or deſired, *muſt* alſo be expected. And therefore as men's deſires, are almoſt always, *wild*, *unreaſonable*, and intirely *impoſſible* to be ever compaſſed, ſo muſt their *hopes* be *equally* ridiculous and abſurd.

I did not pretend to enumerate and point out the various methods, by which different men, and even the *ſame man*, at different times, aim at *ſovereign rule and univerſal love*. To attempt to particularize them all, would be to go about *numbering the ſtars in the firmament*, or *the ſand* on the ſea-ſhore, as in *every action*, *word*, *thought*, and *motion*,—whether he ſpeaks, or is ſilent —whether he eats, drinks, or whatever

elſe

elſe a man does, *he does all for his own honor*—he, I ſay, purſues the *great*, the, in a manner, *only end*, of being ALONE eſteemed, ALONE loved, ALONE adored.

Among the various, and ſeemingly contradictory ways, which all rational creatures, who place their felicity in themſelves take, to bring about the *great concern* of acquiring the *regard* of others, the following ſeemed to me the moſt *extraordinary*; as the perſon appears to make the greateſt *ſacrifice poſſible*, in order to come at the aforeſaid good opinion, *at any rate*. This ſacrifice is no leſs than *deſtroying* himſelf, to *ſave* himſelf: *abandoning* himſelf, to *preſerve* himſelf, or to ſpeak *intelligibly*, and without *myſtery*, a man will often ſeem—O vile *cozenage!*—he will, I ſay, *pretend* to find *fault* with himſelf—a proceeding, of all fallacies the *moſt fallacious!* in order to gain the *affection* of the perſon, he is converſing with. We reſerve for the next chapter, a *full examination* of this *ſurprizing manœuvre*, in all *appearance* ſo repugnant to the *ambition of unbounded eſteem*, he is perpetually *languiſhing for*.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

One of the greateſt ſacrifices *men make, and the* moſt deceitful ſtratagems *they practiſe, to acquire each other's* LOVE, *pointed out and reaſoned on.*

THE ſoul and body of man are united, in the cloſeſt connection. No *earthly* union can form ſo lively an image of the *eſſential unity* of the Godhead. This unity has had a *paſt*, it now has *a preſent*, and it even has a *future* in *hope*. The care to preſerve this unity is not only *natural* to him, as it is to other parts of the creation, but it is his *firſt natural tendency*. His *former unity* no longer ſubſiſts *here below*, but in his *idea*, as the *future* only does in his *hope:* ſtill man, in his mind, *unites the paſt, preſent, and future*, and of the *three* compoſes a *ſingle* ſubſtance, of each part of which he is *equally* fond. This fondneſs is not *elective*; it is *natural*

tural and neceſſary. For loving his *preſent* exiſtence, he muſt, in an *equal* degree, love the *paſt*, which does not at all differ from it in *ſubſtance*, but in certain *accidental* circumſtances of time, place, &c. His *preſent being*, is moreover derived from, or founded upon, the *paſt*, and he cannot be ſo warmly attached to the *former*, without having an *equal* intereſt in the *latter*, from which it *immediately* flows, and to which it bears ſo *thorough a likeneſs*. What, in fine, is a man's *paſt* or *preſent* exiſtence, but *himſelf*; and if ſo, can he poſſibly *cenſure* or *hate* it?

It is true, that though being is not an object of the *ſenſes*, but of the *underſtanding*, which can apprehend *ſubſtances*, without relation to *time* or *place*, ſtill that the ſenſes, operating at this moment of his *actual exiſtence*, may render him *more attentive* to the *preſent*, as well as more attached to it. But this effect can only be produced in the *imagination*: for the *underſtanding* can form no *judgment*, by which the *paſt* exiſtence of a man, ſhall be pronounced

 inferior,

inferior, *in dignity* or *importance*, to the *preſent*.—So much for what is *natural* and *neceſſary*, where we have been for a very little time obliged to have recourſe to *metaphyſics*.—To deſcend now to *morals*, and apply the above *principles* to our ſubject.

We have ſeen over and over, how *unrighteous* man *neceſſarily* loves himſelf, and every thing *for himſelf*: how he places his *chief means* of happineſs, in the *obedience* and *regard* of his whole ſpecies; hoping, that when he ſhall be in *thorough* poſſeſſion of this *univerſal* affection, his *underſtanding* ſhall, at the ſame time, be able to *pronounce* him *wanting nothing*, *ſupremely excellent*,—in a word, HAPPY. Now, while the *eſteem* of the meaneſt ſcullion is ſuppoſed to be denied him, his felicity can never, in *his principles*, be *complete*: for there would be ſomething *wanting*, and the idea of happineſs *excludes* the *leaſt* want. And not only any individual's refuſing *eſteem*, but refuſing to confer it in the *moſt unbounded manner*, would ſtill render the felicity *defective*, and therefore *no felicity*.

But

But whoever, profeſſing the higheſt value for one, ſuch as he *is at preſent*, teſtifies a diſapprobation of the ſame man, ſuch as he *was* laſt week or laſt year, offers him but a moſt *limited* and *partial regard*, which, whatever the other may pretend, can never *content* him. What he was laſt year, or laſt week, is, as we have briefly ſhewn, *no leſs himſelf*, than what he *is* at preſent. And to labor to make him *diſſatisfied* with himſelf, ſuch as he was then, is, in reality, nothing leſs than to require him to *diſſolve his unity*, by *hating* it, which is utterly *unnatural* and *impoſſible*.

Yet, however *amiable* a man is *to himſelf*, in his paſt, preſent, and future ſtate, experience atteſts, he will very readily always leave his *paſt*, and commonly even *his future ſelf*, at your mercy, provided you will conſent to *love* him, ſuch as he *is* at preſent. When I allow, he will *give up* the future and paſt, I mean only to grant, that he will *appear* to give them up; becauſe, as was already maintained, every man muſt

neceſſarily deſire to reſcue *his intire ſelf* from *infamy*, *hatred*, or whatever is contrary to the *unbounded love* he pants for. Indeed, ſo powerful is the charm of *preſent enjoyment*, over a perſon's *imagination*, that provided we tell him, we *regard* him, ſuch as he is at preſent, but do not eſteem him, ſuch as he *was* in a former year, he will, if he cannot poſſeſs *both*, ſeize the *affection* you *actually* offer him, and will, at *firſt*, even join with you, in condemning his *former ſelf*. But, when he thinks he has gained a great ſhare of your *confidence*, and believes himſelf *ſure* of your regard for his preſent ſelf, he will then, very viſibly, become anew *ſolicitous*, for what he lately *appeared* to have ſo cheerfully *abandoned* to your indignation. He will tell you, " he does not deny, but " he was to blame; but certainly not " *near as much*, as he ſeems, on a *firſt* " *view*, to have been. Oh, there were " *untoward* circumſtances, which peo- " ple do not take into conſideration, " when they ſo freely deal about their " *cenſure* of his conduct. Were theſe

" cen-

" cenſurers in his ſituation, they would
" find they could not have acted *other-*
" *wiſe.* What do I ſay? Not a man
" of them would have known, how to
" extricate himſelf out of that perverſe
" affair, with *half* his judgment or in-
" tegrity. But nothing folks are ſo
" *liberal* of as *cenſure*, except *advice.*
" —As for his part, he is determined
" to give himſelf *no ſort* of trouble,
" about contradicting, or refuting what
" they may ſay. But as his *motives*
" and *intentions* muſt be better known
" to himſelf, than to thoſe open-mouth-
" ed railers, nobody can think it ſtrange,
" that, after having ſcrutinized his con-
" duct, with the utmoſt *coolneſs* and
" *impartiality*,—juſt as if he were not
" himſelf the perſon in queſtion, he
" ſhould, on an *unprejudiced* review of
" it, *acquit* and *exculpate* himſelf to
" himſelf, and to thoſe *few* ſons of
" *candor*, who have too much ſound
" ſenſe to judge of matters, according
" to their external *appearance*, but labor
" rather to examine every thing, with-
" out *prepoſſeſſion or envy.*" If he finds

he has *ſucceeded* with the perſon, he was addreſſing, in words to the above purpoſe, he next *openly* and *avowedly juſtifies* his former ſelf. And if this new ſtep ſhould alſo appear to be *well-received* by his hearer, he proceeds after to claim a great ſhare of *merit*, from the very tranſaction, he ſo readily joined to condemn, in the *beginning*. At laſt, he arrives at the *ſummit* to which all men aſpire, I mean the *raiſing* his former ſelf, as high in your *eſteem* as his preſent; that in his *paſt*, *preſent*, *and future capacity*, he may form a *complete* ONE, which you, and all other exiſtences, ſhall *obey*, *reverence*, and *love*.

When then it was allowed, a man gave up a part of his former conduct, for *preſent eſteem*, the conceſſion muſt be underſtood, as it has been fully explained in this chapter—that if he cannot make a *better bargain*, or has reaſon to dread, an apology for his former actions, might make him loſe all the *value*, you at preſent profeſs to have for him, he will in ſuch caſe, *forfeit* the paſt, for the *quiet enjoyment* of the preſent. But we ſtedfaſtly

faſtly contend, that this ſeeming ſelf-condemnation, is nothing but *fiction* and *deceit*.

A man can make no *diviſion*, no *ſeparation* of himſelf. Such as he was *formerly*, ſuch as he is *now*, and ſuch as he ſhall be *hereafter*, he is *lovely*, he is *dear* to himſelf—I had almoſt ſaid he is *infinitely* dear——but I can with truth maintain, he is dearer to himſelf, than are all beings beſides: wherefore this condemnation or *ſplitting of himſelf*, is mockery and error. At the *very* time, the *mouth* is uttering words of *reproof* or *abhorrence*, his *heart* is, at the ſame inſtant, *vindicating* and *approving*. Nor is he deprived of all hopes, of being *one day* able to bring, not only you, but all mankind, to *eſteem* and *love* what he now condemns, in order to pleaſe you, as much as you profeſs to *value* him, ſuch as he *actually is*. What have I ſaid of loſing hopes? He entertains the *ſtrongeſt*, of effecting it *hereafter*. For the preſent, he endeavours to *appear*, to you and even to *himſelf*, content under

the *weight* of this diſlike to his former conduct.

But the *heart*, in its ſecret and almoſt inmoſt *receſſes*, abſolutely *deteſts* this judgment of yours: it ſtrives to *annul* the ſentence: it even ſilently meditates an *appeal*, from yourſelf to yourſelf—that is, from you now *aſleep or drunk*, to yourſelf, when *awake or ſober*. However, as all theſe doings and cabalings are *private*, and that no *open* and *bare-faced* vindication is yet attempted, we may, in *one ſenſe*, ſafely acknowledge, a man will ſacrifice every thing, to purchaſe *immediate affection*.

CHAP-

CHAPTER the TWELFTH.

All the efforts men make, to gain power over each other's hearts, vain—*Thoſe even, who enjoy an exterior authority over people cannot, by any methods whatever, purchaſe their affection, though that was the* end, *for which they ſo vehemently coveted* ſovereignty.

TO deſcribe more of the *infinitely* various methods put in practice, or of the *different* appearances aſſumed by men, in order to rule over one another, with the *moſt unbounded ſway*, might perhaps be tireſome to the reader, and would certainly be *unneceſſary*. If it has been proved, with as much evidence as *moral* ſubjects admit, that every *deliberate* action of each man, tends *mediately* or *immediately* to the grand purpoſe, of *uſurping* univerſal authority, over the *whole creation*, this truth, being deeply and repeatedly impreſſed, on a perſon's mind, not *many* examples are then

then wanting, to *awaken* his attention, to obſerve the *ſenſible* inſtances, which will *hourly* offer themſelves to him, in his converſation with mankind, in ſupport of it.

In the laſt chapter, we mentioned and dwelt on the *greateſt effort* man makes, and the moſt *precious* ſacrifice, he can poſſibly immolate, to ſecure to himſelf, as he *fondly* expects, the poſſeſſion of his much ambitioned *dominion*. This was no leſs, than a *pretended* abandoning, diſuniting, *hating* of himſelf, in hopes he may, the third day, *riſe* glorious and immortal, *never more* to be liable to *ſeparation* or *corruption*, in the *whole* of his being, or in any of its *parts*.

But even by this *laſt* effort, though he yielded up *much*, he acquired *very little*. The perſon before whom he *mangled* himſelf, like a prieſt of *Baal*, in order to gain an influence over him, was *deaf* to his ſupplications and ſufferings. His demand was *immoderate*, and could *not* be complied with. He had the *abſurd* preſumption, to call to his neighbour

bour for *love*, that is in effect, he impudently begged the latter, to permit him to *reign* over him, in the moſt *perfect* manner that any being can enjoy authority over another, I mean by being *beloved*; but the petition ſoon met the angry *denial* it merited. The neighbour, deeming himſelf vaſtly *more worthy* of command, replied in a rage, by a *requiſition* of the like nature.

Theſe are the *pretenſions*, men mean to eſtabliſh, when they diſcover what they fancy their *excellencies* one to another. But they waſte their pains and time, *to no purpoſe*: as neither the moſt flattering compliments, nor wily harangues will ever bias a man, to *eſteem* another *as much* as, not to ſay *more* than *himſelf*, or beſtow *any power* on that other, which he *can* himſelf exerciſe. And were not *power*, the chief object of every one's deſires, ſtill the ſenſe men entertain of the *fellneſs* of their own vitiated nature, would render them *extremely unwilling*, to confer more of it, on another, than what they *could not* keep from him. This Lord *Bolingbroke* owned, when (with

(with the only difference that, what I term *fellneſs* and *barbarity*, he calls *frailty*) he obſerves, that "*reaſon* does "certainly inſtruct *every* man, even "from a *conſciouſneſs of his own frailty*, "&c. to truſt as little power as *poſſible* "to *any other* man *."

But how would a man behave, were it poſſible for him, to arrive at the *authority*, he is, all the days of his life, in purſuit of? and firſt, before we endeavour to ſolve that queſtion, let us add a few general remarks, to what we already ſaid, on the nature of the power, poſſeſſed by one human creature, over another. It is not the dominion ambitioned, we mean to delineate. That, as was already obſerved, is of ſuch wonderful extent, that it is utterly incomprehenſible, and can only be hinted at by *negative* terms. Some faint idea has indeed already been conveyed of it in this book, when it was obſerved, there is no viſible or inviſible creature, which man does not wiſh to have *ſubject* to

* Diſſertation on Parties, lett. 13.

him,

him, and that, with an obedience unacquainted with the *leaſt* reſtriction.

What we now propoſe to treat of is the power—*not* that which men *covet*, but that they may *poſſibly* enjoy, the uſe they make of the ſhare they are entruſted with, and eſpecially, being of the diſpoſition we repreſented, in the former part of this eſſay, how they muſt neceſſarily act, towards their *inferiors*, had they reigned, free from the apprehenſion of any bad conſequence to themſelves, in caſe of miſrule.

Though it be certain that no man, does naturally, and *of himſelf*, poſſeſs qualifications, which can enforce ſubmiſſion or obedience from other men, yet it often happens, that particular perſons enjoy a ſort of ſway over others, which is called *rule* or *dominion*. This power, like *all other* good gifts, is communicated to them from above, that they may promote, as much as they are able, a willing ſubmiſſion to God—the only *real power*. But this divine purpoſe is almoſt always neglected; ſovereigns being generally occupied more, in proclaiming

claiming and extending *their own* authority, than in laboring to draw the attention of other men, from themſelves, in order that they may only ſee and conſider the Creator, who reigns over all things.

In this perverſe and unjuſt deſire they however ſucceed. They are thought to be really powerful, *in themſelves*, and *he*, from whom they derive their power, and who guides the execution of it, is very little conſidered or attended to. To the *earthly* emperor or king, many other men *ſeem* obedient; but, as was already ſaid, the obedience is nothing leſs than ſolid. There appears union; but, in fact, there is nothing among them but *diſunion*. They all *appear* peaceably ſubject to this one man, but in reality they are always, at leaſt in deſire, in a ſtate of *actual war* againſt him. They only obey, until they can themſelves find an opportunity to *govern*. *Fear* is the only tie, which keeps them, in this imperfect ſubmiſſion to him, and that being once removed, they always attempt to free themſelves from it.

As

As their own particular *felicity* is the aim of all their actions, it is for *themſelves* they labor, not for their monarch. Not one of them but ſtrongly hopes to reign himſelf *hereafter*, over the perſons and affections of all other beings; but until the period arrives, when theſe deſires are to be accompliſhed, though he never ceaſes ſeizing as much royalty, in the mean time, as his fear will ſuffer him, he yet, by reaſon of the ſame *fear*, patiently endures, that another ſhould uſurp a throne, which by right, he thinks, only belongs to himſelf.

But whatever meaſures, he may keep exteriorly with his king or ſultan, he in reality *hates him*, above all men. He may put his *body*, when he appears before him, into poſtures, which ſeem to denote *reverence* and *affection*; but it is all *hypocriſy*, as the emperor himſelf is often well aware of. For, in ſpite of their *proſtrations* and *genuflexions*, he commonly has thoſe *loving* ſubjects ſearched, for fear any of them ſhould, in the midſt of his *adorations*, as a proof of ſtill more *ardent love*, thruſt a dagger into his breaſt,

breaſt, as his *dear friends* did to *Julius Cæſar*. So different is every man's interior and *ſecret* opinion of other men, from the open and *avowed* language, he always uſes, by way of compliment to himſelf and them, that they repoſe no confidence in each other, *but when it cannot be avoided*. And it is well judged: for inconceivable is one perſon's *hatred* neceſſarily againſt another, and eſpecially againſt thoſe in *power*, they being moſt in the way of what *every body covets*.

It is however *ludicrous* enough, to obſerve, how both king and ſubjects beſtir themſelves, to perſuade one another, and *even themſelves* (when their apprehenſions are not too ſtrong to ſuffer the *ſelf-impoſition* to be carried on) of their mutual affection. The ſubjects, when they think they cannot *conveniently* expel him, endeavour to make him, and what is more ſtrange, *even themſelves*, believe, that, though he were as ſtupid as CLAUDIUS, and as unfit to govern, yet that they eſteem him the only perſon among them, equal to the weight of the ſupreme dignity. Nay what is more,

more, when any of them finds it impoſſible for him, to aſſume the ſovereignty *at preſent*, he will with the ſweeteſt moderation in the world *proteſt*, and that even to himſelf, he is infinitely better pleaſed, the reigning prince, be he who or what he will, ſhould continue in office, than be himſelf choſen in his ſtead. It would be a thouſand pities to paſs over ſuch *wonderful modeſty*, without attempting to explain its cauſes.

Be it then known, that when a man deſpairs of being immediately *able* to bring about what he deſires, he either always conceals the actual *ſtrength* of his deſire from others, and even from himſelf, or he *almoſt* intirely perſuades himſelf, he harbors no ſuch deſire at all. He cannot be *fully* and *intimately* ſatisfied, he had not the deſire in queſtion, becauſe no being can be ſatisfied with, or firmly believe, what is not true: he, however, convinces himſelf of it, in *a great meaſure*, becauſe it is neceſſary, for the enjoyment of any ſhare of content or peace, that he

ſhould not be *thoroughly* ſenſible of his own weakneſs. For, were he fully acquainted with his *inability* to compaſs his wiſhes, he would, in that caſe, be very *miſerable*, becauſe this conviction would conſiderably diminiſh, or rather *intirely* take away, his *ſelf-eſteem*, in which the happineſs of all rational beings conſiſts.

Thus deprived of pride or ſelf-opinion, *vanity* alſo ceaſes to exiſt. For ſuppoſe a perſon, *intimately* convinced of his own weakneſs or imperfection, and he would be totally indifferent to all the *poems* or *orations*, that would attempt to make him believe the contrary. Were men to have an exceedingly *exalted* or a very *mean* notion of themſelves, vanity would find *no* entrance in *either* ſtate. It is only, becauſe men entertain an *heſitating* ſort of belief of their merits, which conceit is frequently and ſucceſsfully oppoſed by divine light, that they have recourſe to *human* teſtimony, to *ſtrengthen* themſelves in the belief of their *own worth*. But the fancy of any *ſelf-excellence* would immediately vaniſh,

if

if men were *truly ſenſible* of their utter inability to bring about their deſires. Wherefore, to hide this mortifying ſight of weakneſs from themſelves and others, they *labor* to perſuade themſelves, and in *ſome meaſure* ſucceed, that they are *not* actuated by any ſuch deſires at all, or at leaſt, in *no great* degree.

Hence proceed a multitude of the *impudent* aſſertions, people daily hear. One, for inſtance, who cannot conſtantly afford many courſes at his table, will dare affirm, at firſt to others, at length *even to himſelf*, that he is as well content with a ſingle ſervice. But he is an *impoſtor*, and the worſt of impoſtors, as he impoſes even on *himſelf*, whom he is *more particularly* bound to lead, as much as in him lies, to the knowledge of *truth in all things*. For though this *ſelf-ſeducer* may not covet to eat of every diſh, in a repaſt of many courſes, ſtill he *wiſhes* it ſhould be in his *power* to do ſo, if he chuſes: moreover, expence of that ſort, being *one* of the ſigns of *pomp* and *magnificence*, he really ambitions it, as he does ſtately palaces, coſtly

furniture, troops of attendants, and whatever elſe is calculated to convey an idea of *grandeur*.

Another *juggler* will proteſt, and ſometimes even add *perjury* to *lying* by ſwearing, he is *as well* ſatisfied with one country houſe, as he would be with more; with two horſes to his carriage, as with ſix; with a ſingle ſervant behind it, as with many — thus ever ready to fill the minds of others, and *his own* with *falſhoods*, when he thinks they may, for a moment, contribute to avert his eyes, and thoſe of his acquaintance, from the conſideration of his *want of ſufficiency*, to live in as much *ſplendor* as other people.

By theſe fallacious methods of concealing their *weakneſs* from themſelves, and from as many more credulous fools, as they can perſuade, men, it is true, do not fall *quite ſo low* in their own eyes. And, being ſtill fortified with ſome remaining *good opinion* of themſelves, they have ſpirit enough left, to ſally out openly and violently into the highways, and there, as we have ſo often deſcri-

deſcribed, attempt to *rob* all paſſengers of their *eſteem* and *affection*.

Having thus explained as briefly and clearly as I could, mankind's *dexterity*, in removing their eyes, from any proſpect that might leſſen their *imaginary importance*, which was cloſely connected with my ſubject, I return to the general remarks I have yet to make, on the diſpoſition of kings and their ſubjects, towards each other.

It was before ſaid, that ſubjects, *deſpairing* of being actually able to agree in dethroning the monarch, and in the apparent conſequences of that meaſure, remain quietly in their allegiance. They do—but even while they continue in this ſort of *forced ſubjection*, nothing is certainly more *deceitful* than the obedience paid him. It is all *mockery* and *illuſion*. They ſometimes concur with him, in the very *remote means* of the happineſs he deſires: but this *extorted* compliance is never with a view to *his* well-being, but always with a view to *their own*. He

uſes *them*, as *means* to his happineſs, and they make uſe of *him*, as the *means* of theirs. His bowels are *cruel* towards them; and ſo are theirs, towards him. That is, whatever affection, he may through fear or other *bad* motive, ſeem to feel for them, he is in reality *diſpoſed*, by the perverſeneſs of his heart, to ſacrifice them all to his *leaſt gratification*, ſuppoſing he thought he could do it *with ſafety*, that is, ſuppoſing he did not dread a *greater evil* from ſuch an action, than the *enjoyment* would be, which he expected from it. And they are all in the ſame *hoſtile* diſpoſition towards him, by reaſon of the like principles, which are nearly as *corrupt* in the ſubjects, as the rulers.

It is true, that neither kings or their ſlaves would injure one another without propoſing thereby *good* to themſelves. This has been frequently inſiſted on, by ſeveral authors, eſpecially of late, and is, I confeſs, indubitably true when *well* underſtood. But as many *complimentary* inferences, in favor of

of mankind, have been deduced from the above *unexplained* principle, it is now time to examine it with ſome attention, and endeavour to ſhew, how unjuſtly people pretend to *philanthropy*, and other *imaginary* qualities, upon this very weak foundation.

CHAPTER the THIRTEENTH.

The uſe, or rather the horrible abuſe, *man would infallibly make of abſolute power, were it poſſible to enjoy it, in the* extenſive manner, *he virtually ambitions.*

LET it be allowed, to Mr. *Hobbes*, that it is "impoſſible, any man "ſhould take pleaſure in other men's "great harms, without other *end* of "his own *."—I am ready to acknowledge this, not only of all *men*, but likewiſe with reſpect to every one of the *infernal ſpirits*. Nothing is more indubitably true, than that no being can love evil, *for evil itſelf:* and therefore, no being can take pleaſure, in making any other creature unhappy, where it expects *no* good to itſelf, from the mi-

* *Leviathan*, part the firſt, chapter the ſixth.

ſery

ſery of ſuch a creature. But let us conſider, how far this conceſſion will authorize the *extravagant* and ridiculous encomiums, which ſome writers, in order to pleaſe men, beſtow on them ſo undeſervedly, and yet ſo plentifully.

Man is forſooth a very *harmleſs* creature, becauſe he will not do great evils to others, unleſs he expects *ſome* pleaſure or benefit to himſelf by the miſchiefs. Alas! this is a very miſerable *ſecurity*, were people to truſt to it, which in fact no one does, when he can get any *better*. For by every law, inſtitution, and regulation, authentic teſtimony is borne of the little good, that is to be expected from man, and how *prone* he is to *injure* others. Now though he will not do miſchief to another, unleſs he expects it will be productive of *ſome* advantage to himſelf, yet the proſpect of the *ſlighteſt* good, is often capable of making him doom *millions* of men to deſtruction, provided he be not reſtrained by *fear*, or by expectation of *greater* pleaſure, from ſuffering thoſe millions to live. And really

it is a glaring *inconſiſtency* to maintain, with certain late writers, that man can, for any time, behave with *juſtice*, *benevolence*, or *goodneſs*, towards any being *like himſelf*, when he is, as we have ſeen, ſo baſe a *traitor* to the Creator, who is his *only* good, and who, by ſo many titles, merits all his affection. But the fact is quite *otherwiſe* — than as theſe few *modern* authors contend: for their *ſociable*, *humane*, and *friendly* man neceſſarily deſires the *immediate deſtruction* of all things, as ſoon as he imagines they oppoſe the gratification of *any* of his favorite whims. — The moſt *trivial* failure, in any point of the ceremonious * attention, he *fancies* due to him,

* For no weightier reaſon, during the adminiſtration of the inſufficient Count Duke *d'Olivarez*, was kindled the war between *France* and *Spain*, which, in its conſequences, proved ſo fatal to the greatneſs of the latter, than becauſe Cardinal *Richlieu*, in a letter to that nobleman, omitted, either through careleſſneſs or deſign, to ſubſcribe himſelf the Count Duke's MOST obedient ſervant, though he had declared himſelf therein, his

him, begets a *perſevering* and *leaden* wrath,

his obedient and humble one. But the omiſſion of the monoſyllable *moſt*, threw the *Spaniſh* miniſter into a rage, which nothing could mollify, until, as was ſaid, it involved his country in a moſt imprudent and unſucceſsful war. A great many relations, moſt of them well-founded, of the implacable fury, *trifles*, like the above, have given riſe to, and the melancholy iſſues they were attended by, may be read in Monſ. *Richer*'s "Great Events from Little Cauſes," to which we refer the reader; as we think it an undertaking more wanting in the ſtudy of moral philoſophy, to inquire, *why* ſuch crimes and follies ſo frequently did, and muſt happen among men, than to multiply inſtances of their having actually happened accordingly. For every hiſtory from that of *Cain*'s jealouſy towards his brother, to the complaint made by the *Engliſh* under *Charles* the Second againſt what they termed the *Dutch*'s "*Abuſive Pictures*," related in Monſ. *Voltaire*'s reign of *Lewis* the Fourteenth, is full enough of extenſive accounts to the above purpoſe, which, as was juſt now obſerved, being *matters of fact*, are more their province than ours. Wherefore, conſidering the vaſt multitude of ſuch inſtances, we produced them but very ſparingly and briefly in this Eſſay, in order to leave the more room for reaſoning.

wrath, as *Plautus* * calls it, which, like ſome of the deities of paganiſm, is not to be appeaſed without blood.—And were theſe writers themſelves to incur his diſpleaſure, no matter how—all the eloquent eulogies they poured forth on his *immenſe perfections*, contrary to the murmurs of their conſcience, would not purchaſe them a moment's reſpite longer than their *leſs flattering* neighbours, from the *exterminating* frenzy of his *fluctuating* and *perturbed* heart.

Some men would ſacrifice ſeveral hundred thouſands of their fellow creatures, for what they call *rule* or *authority* to themſelves. Some, that they might behold what they deem a *pleaſing ſight*, ſuch as a *combat* or great *fire*, would throw away the lives of many of their own ſpecies, which lives, at the

* "Si quid bene facias, levior *pluma* eſt
"gratia,
"Si quid peccatum eſt, *plumbeas* iras ge-
"runt."

Plaut. Pæn.

time,

time they *wantonly* deprive the ſufferers of them, they look upon, as the moſt valuable poſſeſſion the latter enjoyed, and whoſe loſs it will ever after be impracticable to repair. Others, like the emperor of *Morocco*, would kill—not pigs or dogs, but—*men*, to try their ſcymetars edge: which action in the emperor proceeded, either ſolely from a deſire of exerciſing and manifeſting his *power*, or ſolely from a *curioſity*, to have a ſenſible proof of his weapon's temper, or, as is more probable, from a *mixture* of both. It is not in the leaſt material to the argument, to inquire, what the *particular motive* of ſuch actions may have been: it is ſufficient to know, in general, that they proceed from a *deſire of happineſs*; and that thoſe, who act in the above manner, though they do not perhaps believe, they ſhall be *at once* completely happy after the executions juſt mentioned, yet they muſt look upon them, as *means*, by which, with the aſſiſtance of *other* means, they ſhall hereafter arrive at the *ſupreme happineſs*, every one is in queſt of.

One

One after making *great havock* in his dominions, during a long and bloody reign, gives orders that upon his death the principal nobility in the kingdom ſhould be maſſacred, without any other cauſe, than in order to oblige the remainder to mourn, if not their *humane* prince's demiſe, at leaſt their own friends and relations cut off at the ſame time.

Another *gentle* and *modeſt* man (doubtleſs a great boaſter of *ſenſibility*, *philoſophy*, and *philanthropy*) ſets up a bonnet, on a pole near an high road, commanding all paſſengers, upon pain of *death*, to reverence it, as they would his *mightineſs* himſelf, were he preſent in perſon.

A third *wiſhed* a numerous people had but one neck, that he might *deſtroy* them by a ſingle ſtroke. He who *deſired* this, may, in a moral ſenſe, be conſidered as having *done it*, power, not *inclination*, being alone wanting. For deſire is an *action begun*, which the perſon who deſires accompliſhes, if he can, unleſs ſuch deſire is afterwards obliged to give place to ſome *ſtronger*.

Some

Some men have been ingenuous enough to expreſs openly, the *inward* and real, though concealed and diſguiſed ſentiments of *all*, when they prayed that none might live after themſelves *. I ſay this muſt be the *univerſal*, however hidden, ejaculation of all thoſe, who ſeek for felicity in the enjoyments of this life: as all ſuch *neceſſarily* hate, that others ſhould ſtill *continue* in poſſeſſion of ſatiſfactions, of which they themſelves can no longer *partake*. This *grudging ſelfiſhneſs*, is viſible to every body in the paſſion known by the name of *love*, and it is no leſs *real* and neceſſary, in all the other modes of *ſelf-affection*, though it may not be ſo evident to the generality.

If then man *wiſhes*, that no other being ſhould exiſt when he ſhall himſelf

* Ἐμῦ θανόντος γαῖα μιχθήτω πυρί.

But another prince thought it much *too long*, to have this calamity, ſo generally deſired by *all* men, deferred till his death, when he could not himſelf be a joyful *ſpectator* of it; which made him alter the ſentiment and ſay, ἐμῦ δὲ ζῶντος.

be

be obliged to ſubmit to death, is not this *annihilating* the whole creation, as far as he is able? For who will deny, but we would *actually* deſtroy thoſe we *ſtrongly deſire* to exterminate, did we not dread ſome evil to *ourſelves*, which might preponderate the pleaſure we ſhould receive from the ruin we long for?

It would be an endleſs work, to collect the inſtances of the above *ſlaughtering* and *inhuman* nature, which every hiſtory ſupplies but *too abundantly*. For, beſides that the heaping up narrations of this ſort would look like declamation or common place, which we have hitherto ſtudiouſly endeavoured to avoid, they are moreover quite unneceſſary, three or four examples being as ſufficient for our purpoſe, as ſo many thouſand. The next chapter will more fully diſcover, how far they contribute to evince the *horrid tendencies* of mankind, and of thoſe more apparently, who approach *neareſt* to deſpotic authority.

CHAP-

CHAPTER the FOURTEENTH.

A ſovereign reigning with the unbounded authority every man longs for, ſuppoſed therefore free from the apprehenſion of puniſhment for miſrule——Such a prince would certainly ſlaughter all his ſubjects, —Perhaps he would not leave one *of them alive, at the end of his firſt year's reign.*

I KNOW no reaſon any man ſhould flatter himſelf with a *pretended* love for his ſpecies, becauſe he may not have ſet a city on fire, like *Nero*, for the pleaſure of ſeeing a fine ſight, as that monarch thought it, or becauſe he did not wiſh to ſlay ſeveral hundred thouſand men at a blow, like the emperor *Caius*, commonly called *Caligula*, for ſome reaſon, which may be thought equally frivolous. If a perſon, who thus values himſelf on an *imaginary* attachment to

mankind, would not covet the death of, or actually deſtroy when he believed he could *ſafely* do it, multitudes of his ſpecies for ſuch trivial motives, as are ſuppoſed to have urged the emperors we juſt ſpoke of, to deſire or commit the above ſlaughters, yet he would *himſelf* maſſacre them *very freely*, for conſiderations or gratifications neither more equitable, nor, in the main, more important. If a man is murdered by an *Alexander*, or by a robber like *Cartouche*, it is of little conſequence to him, whether the aſſaſſin was prompted to the injuſtice by luſt of *empire*, or to become maſter of his *money*. Both deſires are *equally* fooliſh, though they may not ſeem ſo; and *either* of them may prove alike fatal to thoſe fellow creatures, every one *pretends* to have ſo *mightily at heart*. But if a man will not butcher another to become maſter of his money, or to enſlave him and his country, he will *kill him*, becauſe he is his *rival* in the paſſion called *love*, or becauſe he has *more* piety, penetration, capacity, wit, or learning than

than himſelf; or becauſe he is actuated by a ſanguinary *curioſity* to ſee him bleed at the amphitheatre or bear-garden, or for ſome other motive equally *triſling and unjuſt*.

How little eſſential was it *in reality* to *Aman*'s happineſs, that he ſhould be complimented or adored by *Mardochai?* and yet he fancied it of ſuch *great* conſequence, that he reputed every advantage, he ſo much valued before as *nothing*, while he was thus neglected by that independent Iſraelite. Since then he judged it neceſſary to his tranquility, that this nobleman ſhould be in the reſpectful diſpoſition towards him, he wiſhed, or ſhould no longer enjoy a *life*, which *Aman* found he did not employ to his honor; and ſince alſo he thought he might have him put to death, without any great *evil to himſelf*, he immediately reſolves to *deſtroy*, not only him, but his *whole nation*, whoſe only crime was their being *Mardochai*'s countrymen.

It will be ſaid, he made his felicity conſiſt in a moſt abſurd and inſignifi-

cant delight, and that his arrogant and ſottiſh deſire of adoration, was the cauſe of his manifeſting, in his revenge, a barbarity equal to his folly: but that an example like this will conclude nothing againſt men of *more* moderation, and who are leſs intoxicated, by an unmerited elevation.

Aman did nothing, but what it is very probable *all* other men, in the *like circumſtances* would have done. I mean, there is no one who, like *Aman*, perceived himſelf *deſpiſed* by another, but muſt wiſh the *extirpation* of that perſon, or an alteration in his ſentiments. The latter would, it is true, be *more agreeable:* but if that cannot be *immediately* brought about, the recollection of a man's finding an unexpected deficiency, in the *eſteem* and *love* with which he covets to be treated, begets a ſenſation ſo *intolerably painful* and mortifying, that, had he thought all men guilty of this want of reverential attachment to him, he would inſtantly *deſtroy them all in fact*, or at leaſt *in deſire*, if he

he were reſtrained by *fear* from proceeding farther.

Badly diſpoſed, as princes and their ſubjects are, towards one another, their mutual *dread* keeps them generally in a *ſeeming* peace. And aſtoniſhing does it on a firſt view appear, that perſons, between whom ſo *rank an enmity* is engendered, becauſe their pretenſions are diametrically *oppoſite*, and intirely *inconſiſtent*, ſhould notwithſtanding, be ſo far withheld by their *terrors* as to be hindered from always doing *actual violence* to one another. For though every man who meets another tries all *poſſible means* which occur to him of *reigning* over that perſon, that is, of ſtealing or forcing his *affection*: and though this laſt, for the ſake of peace, ſhould pretend to a great deal of *conſideration*, *eſteem* and *love* for him, yet, as no one ever receives as *many* proofs of eſteem or regard, as he *covets*, and as he *fancies* he deſerves, ſtrange is it indeed, that the ſtronger conſulting only his preſent ſentiments of ill-will, cauſed by the diſappointment his mighty pro-

ſpects were juſt blaſted with, does not immediately fall on the weaker, as believing him deficient in affection, and at once *deſtroy him without mercy!* The *fear* of being ſerved in the ſame manner, by ſome ſtronger man, muſt be extremely *violent*, nay muſt have penetrated his *inmoſt* bowels, to be able to keep him from *inſtantly* puniſhing that want of *affection*, which, were he to live to eternity, muſt always give him *pain*, as often as it recurs to his remembrance.

To reſume a part of what has been ſaid, and proceed——Though no man wiſhes to diſtreſs any being, unleſs through expectation of *ſome* perſonal advantage, yet ſo very *ſmall* a degree of hoped for good is ſufficient to make him wiſh the deſtruction of, and in reality *actually deſtroy*, if he can do ſo with *ſafety* to himſelf, millions of his ſpecies, that we may, without the leaſt apprehenſion of error, affirm, that if any man whatever, were it *Marcus Aurelius*, *Regulus*, *Fabricius*, *Camillus*, or *Lycurgus* enjoyed authority for a *ſingle*

year over the reſt of mankind, and was freed from all *dread* of puniſhment for miſrule, there is little doubt but he would, for one reaſon or another, maſſacre *every individual* he had the leaſt intercourſe with. The apprehenſion of intire ſolitude would not have weight enough to preſerve them *long*, from the ravaging effects of his *petulant* and *uncontrouled caprice*. For though it be certain, no man can be happy alone, yet this does not prove a prince, enjoying unlimited power, would leave a *ſingle* ſubject alive. By killing them, it is true, he would miſtake the means of happineſs, ſo would he *alſo* by permitting them to live. One way of looking for felicity is *not a whit* more rational, than the other. And moreover, where the fear of loſing life is out of the queſtion, the paſſions *immediately* lay hold of what puts them in poſſeſſion of a *preſent gratification*, without much reflection on the riſk their *future* enjoyment may run thereby.

Thus the prince above-mentioned, perceiving his ſubjects want of *affection*

for him would be ſo great a ſufferer by the view, that without any delay, or without allowing himſelf leiſure to make *deep reflections* on the horrors of intire ſolitude, he would, to free himſelf from a *preſent* and *certain* evil, deprive each of them of exiſtence at different times, if he did not ſlay them all at once.

That ſophiſtical *hope*, which never fails, to come to the aſſiſtance of every one's ſtrong deſire, would, upon this occaſion allure *Ariſtides*, *Titus*, *Juvenal*'s meek *Thales*, and his "*dulci ſenex* "*vicinus Hymetto*," or whoever elſe is ſuppoſed prince, to expect to rule over ſome other men to be created hereafter, who ſhould *love him better*. Or ſuppoſing however ſanguine his hopes may be, he could lay no ſtreſs on ſo very improbable an expectation, it would, at leaſt, make him believe, that, ſince there is no *danger* of his loſing his own life by thus deſtroying mankind, he muſt undoubtedly be happier without, than with them: that he has experienced the *preſent* evil, and found it *inſupportable*: that though he ſhould not

not much meliorate his condition, by the death of thoſe men, yet that the meaſure cannot poſſibly load it with any additional diſtreſs: and that, in fine, it would be adviſeable to put his purpoſes into *immediate* execution, as he has *ſome* reaſon to expect an alteration for the better, but *none* to apprehend any, for the worſe.

CHAP-

CHAPTER the Fifteenth.

More arguments to prove all men ſlaves to one *paſſion or* another--*therefore ſupremely wicked either* actually *or* virtually, *that is, by the preparatian or diſpoſition of their hearts.*

THE anſwer generally given to facts, like thoſe related, and reaſoned on in the two laſt chapters is, after firſt loading with *obloquy and abuſe* the few, who have had ſufficient *reſolution* and *ſincerity* to point out the weakneſs and wickedneſs of mankind, to ſay in vague and general terms: that they are but inſtances of the corruption and profligacy of particular perſons: that the perpetrators of thoſe atrocious crimes are held in deteſtation by all men. That others, in the ſame high ſtations, have conducted themſelves with *gentleneſs* and *humanity*, though they had as little cauſe to fear conſpiracies and inſurrections,

rections, by committing acts of cruelty and injuſtice, as the princes, whoſe memories are become infamous by ſuch proceedings. And that therefore *perfidy*, *oppreſſion*, *tyranny*, and *murder*, ſo far from being the *neceſſary* and *univerſal*, are not even the *general* tendency of thoſe who are not as yet *practical Chriſtians*.

It is much to be lamented that this concluſion is weak and ill-drawn. For it does not at all follow, becauſe ſome abſolute princes have uſed their power moderately, and even for the benefit of their ſubjects, that they were not *diſpoſed* to injure and *deſtroy* them, if they had oppoſed, or ſtood in the way of a *favourite* and *ruling* paſſion, which is all that is now contended for. It has been already acknowledged that no king, or other perſon will moleſt any creature whatever, unleſs ſtimulated thereto by an *expected* intereſt or pleaſure. What we maintain is, that a *very ſmall* ſhare of intereſt ſuffices to urge moſt men, and a great degree to impel them *all*, to wiſh the deſtruction of the *whole world*,

world, if they fancy they cannot otherwiſe enjoy the advantage in queſtion.

Indeed, it rarely happens, that any man conceives he has an intereſt, which he actually imagines incompatible with the exiſtence of his *whole* ſpecies; but if he had, or thought he had, who can pretend to ſay, he would not exterminate *every individual* of them, were it in his power, always ſuppoſing him unreſtrained by *fear*? Who can anſwer, for what a prince in this ſituation would do, *unchained*, as we ſuppoſe him, from the apprehenſion of a knife or bullet?

But to come ſtill cloſer to the point, and enter fairly and roundly into the argument—Will any one have the boldneſs to deny, that a man, though heretofore in all appearance as peaceable, juſt, merciful, and ſo forth, as can be imagined, will not heſitate, to put a *ſingle perſon* unjuſtly to death if thereby he may gratify the paſſion of *revenge*, or thoſe called *love* and *friendſhip*, or that of *fame*; but above all ſuppoſing, by the unjuſt condemnation of this *one* man,

man, he might enjoy an abſolute and peaceable *ſovereignty* over a great and flouriſhing empire?

Let any one propoſe this queſtion to himſelf with *ſincerity*, and *in its full force:* then, if, after a thorough examination of himſelf, he *dares* affirm, that to enjoy the moſt brilliant *crown* in the univerſe, or to poſſeſs the moſt ſplendid and entenſive *reputation*, or to be maſter of the moſt immenſe *wealth*, or, in a word, to enjoy whatever he is ſenſible is his *chief delight*, and the chief object of his wiſhes—if, I ſay, he will anſwer, that to gain theſe or any other of the moſt valued advantages, he would not conſent to the unjuſt death of the *meaneſt* of his ſpecies, or to do him any other *material* injury whatſoever, then it is granted, that a great part of what was advanced in this book is injudicious and erroneous. Then Lord *Shafteſbury*, Mr. *Hume*, Mr. *Sterne*, (not to ſpeak of leſs ingenious, and leſs judicious writers, as Mr. *Fiddes*, Mr. *Hutcheſon*, &c.) may continue to reflect, on thoſe authors, however eminent, who have

have repreſented human nature in *near-ly* the ſame light, though upon *different* principles, and that the *concluſions* were not, I believe, puſhed as far as they are here.

Nicole, *Paſcal*, *Rochefaucault*, *Taylor*; *Guicciardini*, *Comines*, *la Bruïere*, *Sacy*, *Gother*, the late *Mezanguy*, *Hobbes*, *Mandeville*, *Swift*, and many other moderns, not to ſay a word of the ancients, or of thoſe, who, like *Montaigne*, *Bayle*, *Trublet*, and Monſieur *J. J. Rouſſeau*, may be cited, on both ſides of the queſtion will come in, ſome for a *greater*, and ſome for a *leſs* ſhare of cenſure on the ſame account.—But to return to the argument with ſincerity and candour.

If, as has been propoſed, any one can *anſwer* for himſelf, or for ſome other perſon of whom he may have conceived a good opinion, that none of the inducements above-mentioned would be able to tempt him to commit a manifeſt act of injuſtice, then is all that has been ſaid to this purpoſe by me and many others, groundleſs and falſe. It muſt however be once more obſerved, that

that no conſiderations or reſtraints ariſing from the Chriſtian religion can be allowed, upon this occaſion. Becauſe man, as was already often hinted, is conſidered here in the *natural ſtate*, without any view to *ſanctifying grace*. They, who of late profeſſedly attempt to *vindicate* human nature leave *religion* quite out of the queſtion, and found their apologies and vindication on a pretended *rectitude* or *goodneſs* in the nature of man, *abſtracted* from, and *prior* to any particular revelation. It is on the ſame footing he is treated of all along in this Eſſay.

Once more, if a *ſingle* perſon can be found in the univerſe, whom no motives of *intereſt* or *pleaſure* (to leave *pain* quite out of the queſtion) have power to ſeduce into an act of *injuſtice*, though ſecure from the fear of death or the loſs of reputation, then, I think, the vindicators and apologiſts ſhall have gained their cauſe. But if, on the contrary, there is *no man* who, to gratify fully ſome *prevailing paſſion*, would not deviate from *ſtrict juſtice* and

and *probity* in an *eſſential point*, in that caſe, I believe, however unwilling people may be to acknowledge it, the advantage will be on *our ſide*.

Nothing but the confidence ariſing from truth, could induce any one to ſtate the matter in diſpute in *ſo fair*, though to himſelf *diſadvantageous* a light. By neglecting to derive aſſiſtance from man's fear of *bodily pain*, though undoubtedly one of the *ſtrongeſt* incitements to injuſtice that could be urged, a perſon deprives himſelf of the many *forcible arguments*, which might be deduced thence in his favor. But by appealing *finally* to every one's *obſervation* and *feelings*, he leaves himſelf bare of all ſubterfuge, and of every advantage, but what naturally and neceſſarily reſults from *plain reaſon and evidence*.

While people contented themſelves with arguing about the motives of the actions of *Anaxagoras*, *Ariſtides*, *Socrates*, *Regulus*, *Curtius*, *Cato*, *Lucretia*, Lord *Falkland*, &c. there was too large a field left open for the tergiverſation and

and ſophiſtical reaſoning of the contending parties. Here there is little room for *evaſions* or raſh inductions; as it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe every body better acquainted with *himſelf*, and the *ſprings* and *ſources* of his own actions, than he is with thoſe of perſons long ſince dead. Beſides there are no probable grounds for imagining, that becauſe almoſt all the famous perſonages, juſt mentioned, lived in *ancient times*, they were, on that account, neceſſarily *more* virtuous than any to be *now* met with.

Let it then be anſwered, whether there be *any one* proof againſt the temptations already mentioned. If, as is apprehended, it ſhall be anſwered in the negative, the moſt favourable conſequences to the opinions here ſupported, will naturally follow from the conceſſion. For if it be once granted, there is no man unreſtrained by the fear of death, loſs of reputation, and the ſervile dread of puniſhment in a future ſtate, who would not, for ſome great intereſt or enjoyment, be guilty of one

action, which he himſelf would deem *oppreſſive* and *unjuſt*, why may he not, by the like means, be induced to commit more? If a man to *gain empire* will put *one* man to death unjuſtly, what ſecurity have we that he may not kill ten, a thouſand, or an *hundred thouſand*, upon the ſame or an equally frivolous account? When he makes *one* man ſuffer death, or any other *great* evil, contrary to the known rules of equity, it is plain that if he ſtops there, it is not by conſiderations of *juſtice*, he is prevented from proceeding farther. Juſtice is *as much*, though indeed not ſo repeatedly violated by the murder of *one* perſon, as by that of *many*. When then he ſacrifices that virtue to his paſſions in *one inſtance*, what aſſurance can be given, that he will not do ſo in many more?

It may be true, that the *ſame* paſſion will not induce all men to commit the ſame crimes. This only proves, the *ſame* paſſion has not an *equal* dominion over all men. *Avarice* will make one unjuſt; *luſt* another; *envy* another; love

love of *power* a fourth; desire of *revenge* a fifth; some passion or another will render *every body* so.

What then is become of the *dignity** and *moderation* of human nature, which some authors are of late incessantly setting forth in the most *engaging*, but *deceitful* colours? If they really *exist*, and are as *admirable* and *efficacious* as they are represented, why were they not able, at least *once* since the creation, to preserve a man from indulging, not a weak, but some *strong* and *violent desire?* If they neither could nor can effect this, how can their *existence* be proved; and though it should, in the name of true Christian virtue, ever *stable*, ever *consistent*, ever *persevering*, I demand, what they are *good for?* One might with as much propriety extol the *temperance* and *inoffensiveness* of tygers and wolves, who, when their ap-

* No reflection can have been intended above on Mr. *Burgh*, who, I find, lately published two volumes on the dignity of human nature, which I never read, and only this moment sent for, in consequence of seeing them advertised.

petites are ſated, ceaſe, *for a little time*, to be prowling devourers, as boaſt of *real* or *imaginary* qualities, that of themſelves never can reſtrain a ſingle man, or effectually confine him, within the bounds of *humanity* and *juſtice*, when prompted by any *ruling paſſion* to tranſgreſs them.

CHAP-

CHAPTER the Sixteenth.

The leading principles in this work proved from ſcripture *and the* fathers.

BUT there may be found perſons unreaſonable enough to aſk, why I all along ſuppoſe every one, not actually in a ſtate of *ſanctifying grace*, a ſlave to ſome *inordinate* inclination or another? To ſuch it will be ſufficient to anſwer, that it is becauſe I alſo ſuppoſe the *truth of the Chriſtian religion*. I did not undertake to write an *evangelical demonſtration*; but took the authenticity of revelation for granted. From thence I ſet out, ſuppoſing or begging *no other queſtion whatever*, any way controverted. And ſurely the one now before us, ought not to be conſidered in that light. For what divine of any note, receiving the *goſpel* diſpenſation, ever expreſsly contended, that a man, not in

the ſtate of *actual juſtification*, or, at leaſt, in one *preparatory* to it, may poſſibly be exempt from one or more diſorderly paſſions? To maintain this, would be to confound every thing; would be ſupporting a contradiction in terms. The idea hitherto always entertained by Chriſtians of a ſtate of *impiety*, was its neceſſarily implying an irregular or vicious inclination in the mind, *predominant* over the ſoul's natural tendency to, or feeble deſire of, virtue. The notion held of *juſtice* is that of a diſpoſition, contrary to this now mentioned. He, not in the *latter* happy condition, where the ſcripture tells us a man, not endued with faith, can never be, is *neceſſarily* immerſed in the *former*: an *intermediate ſtate* between one of virtue and another of vice, or, in other words, between juſtice and injuſtice, no where exiſting. The ſoul, as the fathers of the Chriſtian church, and Saint *Auguſtin* in particular, are ever repeating, not being able to ſubſiſt without *love*, *that* of what is *right* or *reaſonable* in every material affair conſtitutes *virtue*, *juſtice*,

juſtice, or *charity* *: but a love of what is *diſorderly* or *perverſe*, is *injuſtice* or *vice*.

Now one or other of theſe *contrary* affections, that is, either the love of *right*, or that of *wrong*, muſt bear a *deciſive ſway* in every ſpiritual ſubſtance without exception, and therefore in the *ſoul of man* alſo, which, as was ſaid, cannot exiſt without a *predominant inclination*. There is no poiſing the balance of our love *evenly* between vice and virtue; one of the ſcales will through neceſſity *preponderate* †. The wealth of goodneſs, whoever does not *gather*, is

* Quid eſt enim *boni cupiditas*, niſi *Charitas* ? S. Aug. lib. 2. ad Bonifac. cap. 9. n. 21. Quaſi vero aliud ſit bona voluntas quam *Charitas*. Id. de gr. Chriſt. cap. 21.

† Nemo volens aliquid facit, quod non in corde ſuo prius dixerit . . . . . quod verbum *amore* concipitur *ſive creaturæ ſive Creatoris*, id eſt, aut *naturæ mutabilis*, aut *incommutabilis veritatis*. Ergo AUT CUPIDITATE, AUT CHARITATE.

S. Auguſt. de Trinit. lib. 9. cap. vii. num. 12 et 13.

moſt certainly *ſcattering*. He who is not *helping* to build up the houſe of righteouſneſs, which is not made by human hands alone, is ſurely *throwing it down*. Each perſon belongs either to *Joſhua*, or *his adverſaries*; to remain in a ſtate of *neutrality* between them being utterly impracticable. Every human creature muſt take *the Lord* for his God, or follow *Baal*, and ſerve him. Should any people attempt to *unite* the worſhip of both, and pretend to fear the Lord, while, at the ſame time, they continue idolatrous ſlaves to their paſſions, the *jealous Creator*, who cannot ſhare his glory with another, will immediately ſend in the *vices*, tropologically deſigned in holy writ by the name of *wild beaſts*, to exterminate all remaining *good* from among ſuch a nation. Whatever man is not diſtinguiſhed in the forehead by the *Tau*, is neceſſarily marked with the *ſign of antichriſt*. There are no more than *two* lots caſt into the urn; one for *the people of God*, who are the virtuous, the other

other *for all nations*, who are *every individual of them* impious. *Accurate* as was the information *Solomon* conſtantly labored to acquire, he could diſcover *only two* ſorts of men: the one *wiſe*, whoſe hearts were ſituated *on the right*; that is, who had placed their affections on *eternal* things: the other *fooliſh*, whoſe regard chiefly ſet on *periſhable* advantages, is, for that reaſon, with the utmoſt figurative propriety, ſaid to be on the *left*. The ſame prince, in a moral ſenſe, admitted but *two* points, the *north* and *ſouth*; towards one of theſe diametrically oppoſite directions, he affirms, the *tree* of our *love ultimately falls*, where, by the force of irreſiſtible attraction, it will be compelled to remain for ever. *Jeremiah* ſaw but *two* baſkets of figs; one of them *good*—VERY GOOD; the other *bad*—EXCEEDING BAD. We are acquainted with *two hands* only: the *right*, where the *pious* are placed; and the *left*, where the wicked dwell. The *former* compoſe THE CITY OF GOD; the *others*, THE CITY OF THIS WORLD *.

WORLD *. The *firſt* are the good grain; the *latter* nothing but chaff. The *firſt* were

* Deſirous to avoid, as much as poſible, too many citations of any great length in this eſſay, we ſhall adduce but few, and them ſhort paſſages, from St. *Auguſtin* and ſome others, in ſupport of every thing advanced in the preſent chapter. Though of late the fathers are, alas! very little read, ſtill he now ſpoken of, is, in general, much oftener conſulted than any of the reſt, eſpecially his large work ON THE CITY OF GOD. That treatiſe will be found to correſpond every where with what we all along principally maintain, to wit, that the celebrated Pagans of antiquity were not, and, without faith, *could not be really virtuous*, but belonged all of them to what he calls *the city of this world*, or *ſociety of the unrighteous*, whoſe firſt member was *Cain*. His writings againſt the *Pelagians*, his comment on the *Pſalms*, and indeed moſt of his other works, are full of the ſame truth, as well as of that other, which we make ſo much uſe of in this chapter, viz. that the ſoul of man cannot remain for any time without ſome *ruling affection*: that this ſuperior, ruling, or predominant love is the WEIGHT, by which it is drawn towards whatever is *its favourite object*: again, that the

were *lovely* and *loved* from the beginning; the others ever *hateful* and *hated*.

The

the *ſoul's love* is its FEET or WINGS on which it moves towards whatever has *captivated* its regard: that there are but *two loves* in the world; the one of GOD, the other of a man's SELF: and that, in fine, theſe are what diſtinguiſh ſolely the *two* ſocieties or *cities* he treats of ſo extenſively; the former love, I mean that of GOD being the *leading* affection of the citizens of the *celeſtial city*; the love of SELF the ruling one in the *numerous ſociety of the reproved*. Under theſe, and the like images, does he, on all occaſions, inculcate the doctrine we deliver, explain, enlarge on, and draw conſequences from throughout this whole diſcourſe. To quote his words, letter by letter, would be endleſs and unneceſſary, as well becauſe his works, eſpecially the city of God, are full of nothing elſe, as becauſe, we this moment tranſlated the ſubſtance of ſome of the moſt deciſive of them. Moreover, we ſuppoſe the ſerious reader no ſtranger to his writings, to the laſt mentioned book in particular, where he will obſerve the above or equivalent expreſſions in almoſt every chapter.

The other holy doctors are ſcarce leſs tenacious of the ſame principles, eſpecially of its

not

The former are *veſſels of honor*; the latter of *contumely*. *Them*, the Lord knows; by

not being poſſible for man to remain without affection. We ſhall cite ſome out of a multitude of their axioms to this purpoſe word for word, becauſe they are very ſhort, and not ſo generally peruſed in this country, as the writings of the father already ſo often mentioned:

"Rationalis animus," ſays the great Saint Leo, "ſine *dilectione* ESSE NON POTEST."

Serm. 5. in Jejun. ſept. menſis.

"Eſſe quidem ſine *dilectione* anima NON "POTEST."

S. Greg. Mag lib. 18. in Job. cap. viii. num 6.

"Voluntas creaturæ rationalis ſine *qualicunque* "*amore* non poteſt eſſe."

S. Fulgent. ad Monim. cap. xviii.

The prevailing affection, theſe holy and enlightened perſonages tell us man muſt always be affected with, towards ſome object or another, cannot in infidels, as it was lately (as it had been heretofore in the beginning of the eſſay) proved, be the *pure love of preference for God*. It is then of neceſſity, there being only *two* affections, as was already ſhewn from Scripture and Saint Auguſtin, and agreeable alſo

by name; but as to *theſe*—he never ſo much as knew, whence they came: for they are all *workers of iniquity*. Whoever, in fine, is not really and truly a SAINT, that is one of the *former claſs*, neceſſarily belongs to the *latter*; and is therefore, to all intents and purpoſes, ABOMINABLE AND ACCURSED.

There being then no *middle ſtate* between one of virtue and one of vice, we have now only to inquire to which of theſe two oppoſite conditions *Titus* belongs. It is but very lately ſuch a queſtion was controverted among any perſons calling themſelves *Chriſtians*. In former times, it had been always thought a conſequence immediately flowing from the principles of our ſacred

alſo to the reſt of the venerable teachers of the Chriſtian church, as well as to reaſon and experience——— the *ruling* paſſion, I ſay, of *unbelievers*, and other criminal men is, and can be no other, than *the polluted and impious love of* SELF,—the *ſource* of every corruption and vice, and which never yet germinated a ſingle bud of any *genuine* virtue.

doctrine,

doctrine, that *Titus* and all other infidels must have been *wicked*, in every sense of the word.

This none of the faithful made any doubt of, because they considered, that *Titus*'s soul could not subsist without a *predominant affection*: that this affection *must be* either virtuous or vicious: that it could not possibly be the *former*, because virtue being the love of a SUPERNATURAL good, *Titus*, could not, especially since *Adam*'s fall, entertain a love of preference for it without *supernatural assistance* *. They next inquired whe-

* " Certum est nos velle cum volumus, sed " ille (deus) FACIT *ut velimus bonum* . . . . . " Certum est nos facere cum facimus; sed ille " FACIT ut faciamus, præbendo *vires efficacissimas* voluntati."

S. August. de Grat. et lib. arbit. cap. xvi.

" Deus homines ad seipsum omnipotentissima " facilitate convertit, ac *volentes* ex *nolentibus* " FACIT."

Id. epist. 117 alias 107. num. 24.

" Benedictio dulcedinis est gratia Dei, qua " FIT in nobis ut nos delectet et cupiamus, " hoc est, *amemus* quod præcipit nobis; in qua " si

whether he had been favoured by an extraordinary help of this ſort, without which he *could not poſſibly* give juſtice the preference in his affections, or, in other words, make it *reign in his heart*; and they ſoon learned no ſuch favor had been done him. This they eaſily diſcovered by adhering cloſely to their principles, which taught them, that, were *Titus* deemed worthy of the *ſupernatural aſſiſtance* above-mentioned, the *firſt* ſtep his Divine Helper would

" ſi nos non *prævenit* Deus, non ſolum non " perficitur, ſed NEC INCHOATUR ex nobis."

Id. lib. 2. ad Bonif. cap. ix. num. 21.'

" Si charitas non ex Deo, ſed ex homini- " bus, vicerunt Pelagiani; ſi autem *ex Deo*, " vicimus Pelagianos."

Id. lib. de Grat. et lib. arbit. cap. xviii. num. 37.

" Quando *deo donante* ex vera vivitur fide, " ipſe deus adeſt et menti illuminandæ, et con- " cupiſcentiæ ſuperandæ, et moleſtiæ perferen- " dæ. Hoc enim totum recte fit, quando fit " propter ipſum, id eſt, quando gratis amatur " ipſe, qualis amor nobis eſſe NON POTEST, " niſi ex ipſo."

Id. lib. 5. contra Julian. cap. iii. num. 9.

have

have taken, would be to inflame his heart with as much love towards *revelation*, as might be neceſſary to *incline his underſtanding* to *ſubmit cheerfully* thereto *. But even ſo much never having

* To argue againſt us out of St. *Juſtin* Martyr, where he ſuppoſes the ſalvation, conſequently *ſanctity* of *Socrates*, would be no way to the purpoſe.

For, in the firſt place, this ancient father is ſingular in that opinion; his ſuppoſition being altogether unſupported by any other eminent teacher, either prior in point of time or ſubſequent to him.

Secondly, by his favorable thoughts of the above ſtudious man, commonly called philoſopher, he ſo little oppoſes our principles, that what he ſays ſerves rather to confirm them. So far is he, I ſay, from inſinuating that *goodueſs* is to be acquired without *faith*, that he fancies Socrates had been bleſſed with the poſſeſſion of this firſt and *fundamental* virtue, and that in ſo high a degree, as to have thereby irritated the evil ſpirits to procure his death; which is in a manner ſaying, he died a martyr to his orthodoxy. Wherefore Saint *Juſtin*'s notion is at moſt but an error in a matter of fact, which miſtake of his does not derive its origin from tenets

having been done for him though he is ſtiled " *deliciæ humani generis*," ſo far muſt he have always been from a *really*

tenets differing in the leaſt from the univerſal belief of the other doctors and the reſt of the faithful, concerning the neceſſity of faith, before any claim be laid to wiſdom, prudence, equity, fortitude, temperance, or to any other genuine intellectual or moral virtue. And as for a *true* good will to mankind in general, or *real* friendſhip towards any particular individual, which certain writers perſuade themſelves are ſo very common among Infidels and other irreligious men, St. Auguſtin clearly informs us, in his 155th letter addreſſed to Marcellinus, how vain and impoſſible profeſſions made to this effect, by perſons under the above unhappy circumſtances, muſt be; becauſe no one, he affirms, can harbour a proper affection for man, who loves not man's Maker: " hominem *recte* " diligere neſcit, quiſquis eum non diligit, qui " hominem fecit." But this ineſtimable attachment to the Creator, our *pretended* humane unbelievers, being, as we have repeatedly ſhewn, totally deficient in, they muſt be equally ſo in that philanthropy, or regard towards one another, which they are ſo often boaſting of themſelves, and flattered for by others in their own miſerable ſituation.

virtuous diſpoſition, that he remained all his life an *utter ſtranger* to its *firſt elements*.

All this was heretofore judged ſo evident by the orthodox, that we are almoſt aſhamed to have ſpoken of it at all, though in this very ſummary manner: and, in truth, nothing but the boldneſs with which contrary ſentiments are maintained of late, could have induced us to take even this little notice of what we thought too trite, and well known, to merit being at all dwelt on. The preſent Eſſay had even been finiſhed a conſiderable time before there was the leaſt intention of adding this chapter to it.

But when writers began to be talking to us daily of the *juſtice* and *goodneſs* of *Ariſtides*, *Titus*, *Socrates*, and ſo many other noted *unbelievers*, never once troubling themſelves to inform us when *their good men* had received FAITH, by which the ſcripture tells us the *juſt perſon lives*, and without which, as the ſame divine book declares, "*it* "*is impoſſible to pleaſe God*;"——do not

ſuch

ſuch reiterated efforts, made by ſo many authors in the ſame country, nearly about the ſame time, and much to the ſame purpoſe, afford ſtrong ſuſpicions of a ſort of concerted deſign againſt the doctrine of the neceſſity of faith, preparatory to righteouſneſs: and are they not manifeſtly calculated to intimate, that *juſtice* can very well be attained to without the ever before thought *neceſſary foundation* now mentioned?

If *Titus* was *really juſt*, we may lock up our churches as ſoon as we pleaſe, or convert them into taverns and brothels, provided indeed we can diſcover the *ſecret* he found out to become righteous *without faith*. It would be alſo very material for us to know, *who made him* JUST—(God it could not be; and our adverſaries are *too polite*, ever to ſay it was)—for to whoever endowed him with juſtice, we ſhall addreſs our prayers: no body being better intitled to our *moſt profound adoration* than he, who can beſtow on us that ſole really valuable gift. And if it was by his *na-*

tural ſtrength alone he acquired it, to *him* we will direct our humbleſt ſupplications: for, not content with ſaying like *Eraſmus*, "*holy Socrates pray* for us;" we ſhall rather implore *Titus* to *have mercy on us*, by beſtowing on us the whole, or part of the virtue we are told he conferred on himſelf; beſeeching him likewiſe in the end of our petition, to deliver us from evil, that is chiefly from the *great evil of ſin*, as he had glorioufly delivered himſelf therefrom, while he was a ſojourner on earth.

CHAP-

CHAPTER the SEVENTEENTH.

The futilities late writers mean when they talk of humanity—liberality—ſentiments—politeneſs—ſenſibility— FINE feelings—tears, &c.—*ſhewn to be no checks to a man's crimes, in oppoſition to Mr.* Sterne, *and the authors of moſt of the late* comedies *and* romances—*proved to be rather aggravations of them, from the greater corruption of* people of quality, *who value themſelves moſt upon the aforeſaid* feelings—tears—raptures, &c.

OUR opponents, ſenſible, as one might imagine, of the weakneſs of the cauſe they undertook to defend, argue *very little*, or *very looſely* in ſupport of it. Though many of them are perſons of no inconſiderable *abilities*, and appear, on other occaſions, thorough judges of *cloſe* and *cautious* reaſoning; on the ſub-

ject of human nature, however, which they labor in a manner to *beatify*, what they offer appears general, vague, and unconnected. *Perſonal recrimination* and invective frequently ſupply the place of *argument:* and principles from *reaſon* or *revelation* are never ſought for, much as they would be wanting to aid them to refute the ſyſtematic and well-argued account, the *early Chriſtian writers* deliver of man's *enormous profligacy*.

The moſt theſe authors do, is now and then to produce ſome celebrated *pagan* of antiquity, whom hiſtorians have repreſented in a favourable light, and after exaggerating what they term his virtues, and expatiating on them without ſeeming to know when to have done, at laſt to demand triumphantly, how we ſhall be able to reconcile ſuch *goodneſs* (as ſome of them are not aſhamed to call it) with the univerſal, neceſſary, and extreme corruption, we contend for in the human ſpecies.

The late Mr. *Sterne*, who labored a good deal, in theſe vindications and favorable (I muſt ſtile them *partial*) repreſentations

preſentations of mankind, through what *motive* I ſhall not pretend to determine, as our adverſaries often do moſt raſhly, illiberally, and invidiouſly, with regard to writers on our ſide of the queſtion ——Mr. *Sterne*, I ſay, introduces a ſpecies of *defence*, very different from what was before in uſe among panegyriſts on the race of our *terreſtrial Adam*.

Others, in order to foment the fatal blindneſs to which we are of ourſelves already but too obnoxious, with reſpect to the glaring infirmity and wickedneſs of our nature, bring forward a *Titus*, *Licurgus*, *Ariſtides*, and ſome few beſides, whoſe vices were all in a manner abſorbed, or at leaſt prevented from appearing *exteriorly* in *all their deformity*, by an iniquitous love of *glory*. But Mr. *Sterne* attempts to evince the rectitude or goodneſs of human kind, by means of one of the moſt deteſtable and ſhameleſs villains that ever diſgraced it, and whom he acknowledges himſelf to have been ſuch.

The effort he made choice of is *ſo odd*, and his inferences *ſo extravagant* (unleſs

from a long habit of *ironical raillery* he intended them as *jeſts*, though in the midſt of a *ſermon)* that we ſhall tranſcribe the paſſage at full length, were it only to manifeſt how greatly he muſt have relied on the *partiality* of his hearers, when he undertook to render them ſtill more enamoured of their *dear ſelves* than they were already, by repreſentations and arguments, which, one would naturally think, not ill-calculated to produce a *quite contrary* effect, on a leſs *prepoſſeſſed auditory*.

'*Alexander*, the tyrant of *Pheres*,' ſays he in the firſt volume of his ſermons, 'who, though he had ſo induſ-
'triouſly hardened his heart, as to
'ſeem to take delight in cruelty, in-
'ſomuch as to murder many of his
'ſubjects every day, without cauſe and
'without pity; yet at the bare repre-
'ſentation of a tragedy, which related
'the misfortunes of *Hecuba* and *Andro-*
'*mache*, he was ſo touched with the
'fictitious diſtreſs which the poet had
'wrought up in it, that he burſt out
'into a flood of *tears*. The explication

of

'of which inconſiſtency is eaſy, and 'caſts as great a *luſtre upon human na-* 'ture, as the man himſelf was a diſgrace 'to it. The caſe ſeems to have been 'this; in real life he had been blinded 'with paſſions, and thoughtleſsly hur-'ried on by intereſt or reſentment: 'but here there was no room for mo-'tives of that kind; ſo that his atten-'tion being firſt caught hold of, and all 'his vices LAID ASLEEP; then nature 'awoke in triumph, and ſhewed how 'deeply ſhe had ſown the SEEDS of 'compaſſion in every man's breaſt; 'when tyrants, with vices the moſt at 'enmity with it, were not able entirely 'to *root it out.*'

If the *great luſtre* reflected on human nature by Mr. *Sterne*'s tyrant amounts to no more than what we have ſeen, it is indeed very inconſiderable—it is *nothing*. A man's vices muſt then be *laid aſleep*, before even the *ſeeds of compaſſion* can appear. And when, according to Mr. *Sterne*, they *did* appear, what were they good for, as they never grew up to *maturity?* What benefit did

Alexander

Alexander himſelf, or any one elſe, derive from his *ſeeds of compaſſion*, ſince, in real life, he ſeldom or never acted under their influence? We were juſt told, a prince, through intereſt and reſentment, inhumanly maſſacres his own ſubjects *every day*, and is not touched with the leaſt pity for them, or, at leaſt, with not enough to ſtop his horrid proceedings, and ſhall it be ſaid that becauſe *he falls a-crying* at the fictitious diſtreſſes of women he never ſaw, and whom if he had, and that he conſidered them as the leaſt obſtacles to his ambition or ſenſual pleaſures, he would not heſitate a moment to ſacrifice to thoſe paſſions, like ſuch multitudes of others in whoſe favor ſo many moving conſiderations had pleaded in vain——and ſhall it, I ſay, be expreſsly affirmed a man of this deteſtable character reflects a *luſtre* upon human nature, on no better foundation but becauſe certain—— I know not what *ſeeds of compaſſion*, were not *intirely* rooted out of him?

But whether they were or were not will appear of very *little moment* to rational

tional people, until it ſhall be diſcovered how he could have behaved more cruelly in caſe thoſe *boaſted ſeeds* had been all pulled up. Theſe *ſeeds*, if they really exiſt in the breaſts of ſuch monſters, render them ſtill more odious to thoſe, who have the misfortune of a connection with them: for they mock the public with the promiſe of a *crop of goodneſs*, which they never yield. *Seeds*, and even bloſſoms of virtue, rather aggravate than leſſen a man's guilt, if not ſucceeded by the *fruit* they gave people room to hope for. The huſbandman often coming in full expectation of at laſt reaping an abundant *produce* from his *choice ſeed*, and finding nothing after all the labor he had taken in the ſowing and culture, but uſeleſs leaves or noxious briars and thiſtles, is but the more ready to curſe an ungrateful ſoil, on which ſuch extraordinary pains and charges had been expended *to no purpoſe*.

This is a juſt type of the *unprofitable* ground of *Alexander*'s heart. He is the *barren vineyard*, that either produces nothing,

nothing, or only "*fruits of bitterneſs*," to the planter. Full as his *eyes* appear of the moiſture of *lenity*, if any drops deſcend from thence to the *heart*, they incorporate with the *ocean of gall* they find there, and ſoon contract, or even perhaps *add* to its *acidity*.

He is indeed, as we are informed, very liberal of *tears* to people that, happily for themſelves, are beyond the reach of *his clutches*; but he is much more liberal of *condemnations* and *torments* to his unfortunate ſubjects, who would nevertheleſs very freely diſpenſe with ſuch inſtances of his munificence. It has been ſhewn in another work not publiſhed, how very equivocal a ſign of goodneſs of heart this *facility of ſhedding tears* is, though ſo highly rated at preſent among a people celebrated for humanity,—by none but *themſelves* *.

Like

* Monſieur *J. J. Rouſſeau* after he had in the ſecond book of his Emilius obſerved, that 'the 'barbarity of the *Engliſh* is well known,' reſumes the ſame ſubject in a note, and ſays: 'I am not 'igno-

Like thoſe ſhed by the prince under conſideration, *tears* are frequently the forerunners of, if not attendants on *obduracy* and *barbarity*, upon occaſions that demand moſt benevolence and mercy. Such were the empreſs *Meſſallina's tears*, who, being preſent at the defence of *Valerius Aſiaticus*, whom ſhe was iniquitouſly proſecuting, could not forbear *weeping*, at the manly and forcible manner, in which he made his innocence appear, ſo as to leave his accuſers no

'ignorant that the Engliſh talk greatly of their 'humanity, and call themſelves a *good-natured* 'people; but they may boaſt of this character 'as much as they will, *no body gives it them but* 'themſelves.' See Signior *Baretti*, in his Animadverſions on Doctor *Sharpe*, where he often makes ironical mention of "*good-natured* "*Engliſhmen*, and particularly of good-natured "*Engliſh travellers*." See alſo Monſ. *Voltaire* and the Abbot le *Blanc*'s Letters—the anonymous author of '*Les Sauvages de l'Europe*,' and even many paſſages from ſeveral Engliſh writers of reputation (not to mention the prejudiced and acrimonious *Daniel de Foe*, nor our own cotemporary Doctor *Shebbeare* though a much better writer)—to the ſame purpoſe.

poſſibi-

poſſibility of refuting him. But did this fine *ſenſibility*, and *feeling*, which the inhabitants of one of the moſt *ſtern*, *harſh*, and *inhoſpitable* nations in Europe are daily boaſting of—did they, I ſay, avail *Aſiaticus?* did they afford him the protection his innocence merited, and which a calm and ſettled habit of juſtice would have granted of itſelf, without being melted to it by "*an ordinary inundation*," as Shakeſpeare calls this ſort of *tears* *? Not at all. The *tender-eyed* though not *tender-hearted* lady riſes from her ſeat, *feeling immenſely*, no doubt, for *poor Aſiaticus*—ſhe however, as ſhe is withdrawing to wipe away her tears, whiſpers *Vitellius* one of the wicked inſtruments of her complicated iniquity, who ſat as his judge, and who *wept* likewiſe, '*to take* '*care not to let the accuſed nobleman* '*by any means eſcape.*' Such is commonly the iſſue of *tears* which the moſt luſtful, ſavage, and inhuman can gene-

* Shakeſp. King John, Act. 5. ſc. 2.—he elſewhere calls tears a *woman's gift*—and *vain dew*.

rally

rally ſupply in *moſt abundance*, ſeldom to any better purpoſe than to *harden* them the more in their vices, by making them fancy in themſelves, I know not what *imaginary* humanity and goodneſs of diſpoſition, to which they are in reality utter ſtrangers *in conduct*.

Who ſhed tears in greater plenty (as the ſcripture informs us in ſeveral places) than the profane *Eſau*? And yet he has ſcarce time to dry them up, before he meditates the death of his worthy brother. *Saul*, whoſe heart is as black as an *Æthiopian*'s ſkin, burſts out to day into *lamentations* for his cruelty and ingratitude to his virtuous ſon-in-law *David*. But let no one be deceived by him or his *weeping*; for he will purſue him ſoon, for what I know *to-morrow*, with as ardent and unrelenting a *fury* as before. But why inſtance in leſſer villains, when we behold that worſt and vileſt of *harlequins*, who ſtiled himſelf *Antiochus the illuſtrious*, *weeping* for the murder of the ſingle *Onias*, while he unmercifully and *deliberately* ſlaughters, often with the moſt excruciating tor-

tortures, ſo many thouſands of *men, women, and children,* who had never offended him, otherwiſe than by being excellent in virtues, in fortitude eſpecially, which he either poſſeſſed not at all, or deſpaired of attaining to in a degree equally eminent?

May we not reaſonably infer from ſo many ſtriking examples of the inefficacy of theſe *ſudden emotions* to produce any laſting *habit* of benevolence, that the *tears* of wicked and ſanguinary men are, like the faſtings and humiliations of the *godly* in the time of the common-wealth in *England,* ordinarily nothing but *preludes* or *preparations* to new ſcenes of villany and oppreſſion? For although their iniquity ſhould for a moment be checked thereby, on the next temptation, they return to their accuſtomed vices with *redoubled* violence, as if to make themſelves amends for the ſhort time they were *inadvertently ſtolen* into ſentiments of moderation and humility.

And in effect, who do we perceive more frequently *weeping, ſighing, ſobbing,*

bing, and *fainting* at tragic repreſentations on the theatre, than weak, vain, and vicious *women of quality*, who can notwithſtanding behold, if not create, objects of *real* diſtreſs (whom they might eaſily relieve) with the moſt *callous compoſure?* It ſeems no afflictions have power to move them to commiſeration but ſuch as are either *fictitious* or *remote*. Inferior people, whoſe morals are in general *much leſs* corrupt than thoſe of perſons of high rank, and who are not in a condition to think themſelves ſecured by great poſſeſſions from the ſhocks of adverſe fortune——theſe, though they are known to have a more ſympathetic compaſſion for their neighbours miſfortunes than the wealthy and powerful, are nevertheleſs, much leſs laviſh than they of the *ſpurious pity* we talk of on *imaginary occaſions*.

Wherefore whatever *ſeeds* Mr. *Sterne's Alexander* may have left, we need not be in the leaſt ſurprized at not finding him become a whit the better, or more merciful man, by his "*weeping for Hecuba.*"

It very little matters, whether vices *intirely root out* the humane qualities or not, if theſe laſt have not ſufficient ſtability and vigor to become *leading principles of conduct upon all important occaſions*. Until they ſhall acquire this ſtrength and conſiſtence, a man, for any good he will do, may almoſt as well be without them. We do not find, nor does Mr. *Sterne* himſelf aſſert, that *Alexander* ſpared a man the more, for them *ſeeds of compaſſion* not having been all pulled up. If he did not, in the name of candor, what were they good for? Would it not have fared as well with his ſubjects, if he had never had any ſuch *ſeeds* at all?

In a word, and to conclude this argument, it is not *ſpeculative qualities, opinions*, and *ſentences* that caſt a *luſtre* upon human nature, or if they do, it is a very dull and inſufficient one: but *active* and *lively* ſentiments of juſtice, which, in all circumſtances, ſhall be found able to reſtrain a man within what even he himſelf acknowledges to be the boundaries of integrity and virtue.

tue. Unleſs a perſon employs the proper methods to acquire theſe, or has a ſerious purpoſe of doing ſo, he may, without the leaſt loſs to himſelf or the public, readily part with his whole ſtore of "*wiſe ſaws*," of *ſpeculative qualifications*, and even with thoſe ſpecious, but *defective*, qualities, which he ſometimes puts in practice, ſince they are not, nor cannot be, upon all occaſions, and in all poſſible circumſtances, vigorous enough to be the perpetual guides of his actions.

As for the reſt, if he be not an abſolute prince, and even though he ſhould, *fear* will always oblige him to keep more or leſs meaſures with his fellow creatures. For it is to this paſſion *alone*, and not to each others *philoſophy*, *philanthropy*, *ſeeds of compaſſion*, or the like ridiculouſly *impotent checks* * that mankind

* "It is inconceivable," ſays Monſ. *Eſprit*, in the preface to his treatiſe intitled—*De la fauſſeté des vertus humaines*, "that the curious "obſervers of nature, men who bend their ut-

kind are indebted for the peaceable enjoyment of their *lives and properties* in the midſt of ſuch *capricious* and *implacable enemies as they are all one to another.*

" moſt application upon *ſtudying and knowing*
" *themſelves*, ſhould not have obſerved, that
" man is NOT governed and conducted by
" *reaſon*———that *reaſon* with all its power
" and induſtry, CANNOT deſtroy *any one paſſion*
" that is rooted in the heart of man, neither
" by the help of age, nor by the influence of
" example, nor by the fear of evil."

And—to cite *Seneca* once more—he, though in all probability an heathen, acknowledged—that—" *Nulla ſapientia* naturalia corporis aut
" *animi vitia* ponuntur; quid quid ingenitum
" eſt *lenitur* arte, NON VINCITUR."

SENEC. EPIST

The force of truth has extorted from the eloquent Mr. *J. J. Rouſſeau* a conceſſion to the ſame effect, though he is as ſeldom an aſſerter of the doctrine we defend, as of any other orthodox one—yet even he owns that——" *In*
" *vain* does calm *reaſon* induce us to approve
" or condemn; *the paſſions* ALONE can make us
" act."

EMIL. Book 3.

CHAP-

CHAPTER the EIGHTEENTH.

The good tendency of the doctrine delivered in this eſſay—with the pernicious effects of the falſe and deceitful opinions of our adverſaries—An appeal to the very people theſe writers are daily flattering, againſt their poiſonous *and* unchriſtian *adulation.*

MAN tranſgreſſing the ordinances of juſtice in an *eſſential* point has not, as is clear, that *love of preference* for it, which *alone* conſtitutes virtue. Not being *virtuous* and *juſt*, he can be nothing elſe but *bad* and *vicious*: for there is no intermediate ſtate between *that* of virtue and *this* of vice. He is either *always* diſpoſed to offer up every ſeeming advantage repugnant to virtue, even *life itſelf* at its ſhrine, and then, and *then only* he is *good*; or he entertains ſome one or more inclinations

incompatible with it, and then is he bad, in the only ſtrict and proper ſenſe of the word. And though there certainly are ſeveral *degrees* of vice as well as of virtue, yet to be talking to a perſon whom we juſt ſuppoſed faulty in a *material* tranſaction—to be, I ſay, haranguing him about his *goodneſs*, and I know not how many more *perfections*—is a baſe *betraying* of the truth—a cruel *mockery* of him one is thus flattering, and a likely means of always *detaining* him in the dreary deſert of vice, which he can never quit while he ſuffers himſelf to be perſuaded he is *rich*, *happy*, and in want of nothing there.

They, therefore, who proſtitute their talents and induſtry to confirm him in theſe erroneous and pernicious ſentiments, though they are his *flatterers* are not his *friends*. The wounds they who *really* love him give his vanity and pride when they ſtrip him of the *ſtolen* habiliments his panegyriſts had decked him in, are infinitely preferable to the *inſidious hiſſes* of the latter. The firſt *ſtrip* only the *better* to clothe him.

They

They point out his *nakedneſs* and *miſery* to him, only that, diſdaining the *tawdry* but *unſubſtantial* covering of *human* virtue, he may put on the ſolid, rich, and ineſtimable robe of *charity*. It would indeed have been ill-natured to diſcover his *miſerable* condition to him, if there were not *means* at hand for him to get *out of it*. But convince him once *effectually* of his vicious, and therefore deplorable ſituation, and the *remedies* proper for him to uſe will occur of themſelves: or rather, the *firſt* and not the leaſt conſiderable ſtep towards a thorough *cure* is, to impreſs on his mind a *deep ſenſe* of his diſtemper. Let him have this knowledge, and he will not be long at a loſs for the means of *recovery*. He will immediately recollect that the phyſicians and medicines of *Gilead* are at his door; and that *he* who promiſes to heal all his bruiſes is even now knocking at it.

Theſe are ſome of the ſalutary effects that commonly enſue from a *thorough* conviction of the *depravity* of our nature. It is then, that become ſenſible,

ble, it is not *in us* to work *good* or even ſo much as *purpoſe* it, we humbly turn to the *only* good Being, by whom alone we can be enabled to *will* and *perform* any thing *truly* virtuous.

Matters being then as we ſtated them, what *injury* has been done human nature, by evincing in a ſimple and unadorned manner, that every man not *actually* juſtified by grace harbours the ſource of *all* injuſtice, of murder, for inſtance, in his breaſt, ready, on a *certain occaſion*, to burſt out into *action*? Who will deny this? And yet this granted, all is granted. It is little material to inquire, *which* of a man's intemperate deſires has been the cauſe of an atrocious deed. Sufficient, much too ſufficient, is it to learn, that one or other of the irregular appetites can, at *any time*, make him forget all his *turgid* principles of benevolence and goodneſs; or at beſt, while the paſſion rages, can render theſe principles *barren* and *uſeleſs*.

Once more, we do not pretend to determine what the intereſt may be,

that

that ſhall *infallibly* deliver up all mankind to acts of outrage and cruelty. Perhaps ſeveral hundred talents of gold could not engage *ſome few* to be guilty of the manifeſt wrong we ſuppoſe: perhaps no ſums of money would have the power: perhaps neither the paſſion of *envy*, nor that of *luſt* could bring it to paſs: but will not that of *ambition?* or if this is alſo found too weak, will not that of *fame?* or that of *fear?* If any can, then have perſons ſo *vanquiſhed* forfeited *every* reaſonable pretenſion to the worth they are always *ſubdolouſly* and *meanly petitioning* to be extolled for. And however ready many acute and otherwiſe ſenſible authors ſhew themſelves, to countenance the miſchievous *deluſion*, by their endeavours to diſguiſe and miſrepreſent theſe matters, yet the *general* ideas of goodneſs and juſtice are too deeply rooted in mens *minds*, empty as their *hearts* are of the virtues themſelves, for theſe writers ever to be able to make palpable *injuſtice* paſs for them. They may puzzle, but they will not convince even *thoſe* they flatter, and who do all they can to *aſſiſt* the deception

tion. They may continue to ring changes, in their uſual cant, upon *urbanity*, *fine feelings*, *goodneſs of heart*, *tenderneſs of diſpoſition*, *delicacy of ſentiment*, and *liberality*, which laſt always *fully* * *atones* with them for the moſt criminal exceſſes: they will not *for ever* meet people, who ſhall content themſelves with ſuch unmeaning or *ill applied* jargon. Truth, though for a ſeaſon it may be obſcured by *the arts* of ſeductive men, will at length recover its native ſplendor.

The ſimpleſt and moſt ignorant peaſant will at once accede to the following evident propoſition, to wit, that if any one to gain empire over the reſt of mankind, or to be maſter of the wealth of the univerſe, takes away the life of the meaneſt individual, he who *does this* is really and truly neither *juſt*, *good*, *humane*, *benevolent*, nor *gracious*, how pompouſly and rapturouſly ſoever he may *diſcourſe* about theſe qualities. The moſt unenlightened per-

* See moſt of the Engliſh *comedies* and *novels* publiſhed of late years.

ſon

ſon will likewiſe acknowledge without heſitation, that whoever is *ready* upon having his prevailing paſſion indulged to commit a ſimilar act of injuſtice, is as far eſtranged from *goodneſs*, *benevolence*, *fine feelings*, *glowing ſentiments* of virtue, and the reſt of the *perfections* our adverſaries have always in their *mouths*, as the former.

If there be any man living who has not deviated, or on the ſuppoſition ſo often repeated in the laſt chapters, is not *ready* to deviate from *ſtrict juſtice* and *honor*, let him ſtep forward and complain, for *he alone* has been injured by the foregoing repreſentation.

THE END.

ERROR.

Page 60, laſt line but one, for *own felicity*, read *only felicity*.

Correct the punctuation in ſeveral places.

G.R. III.
BR. MUS.